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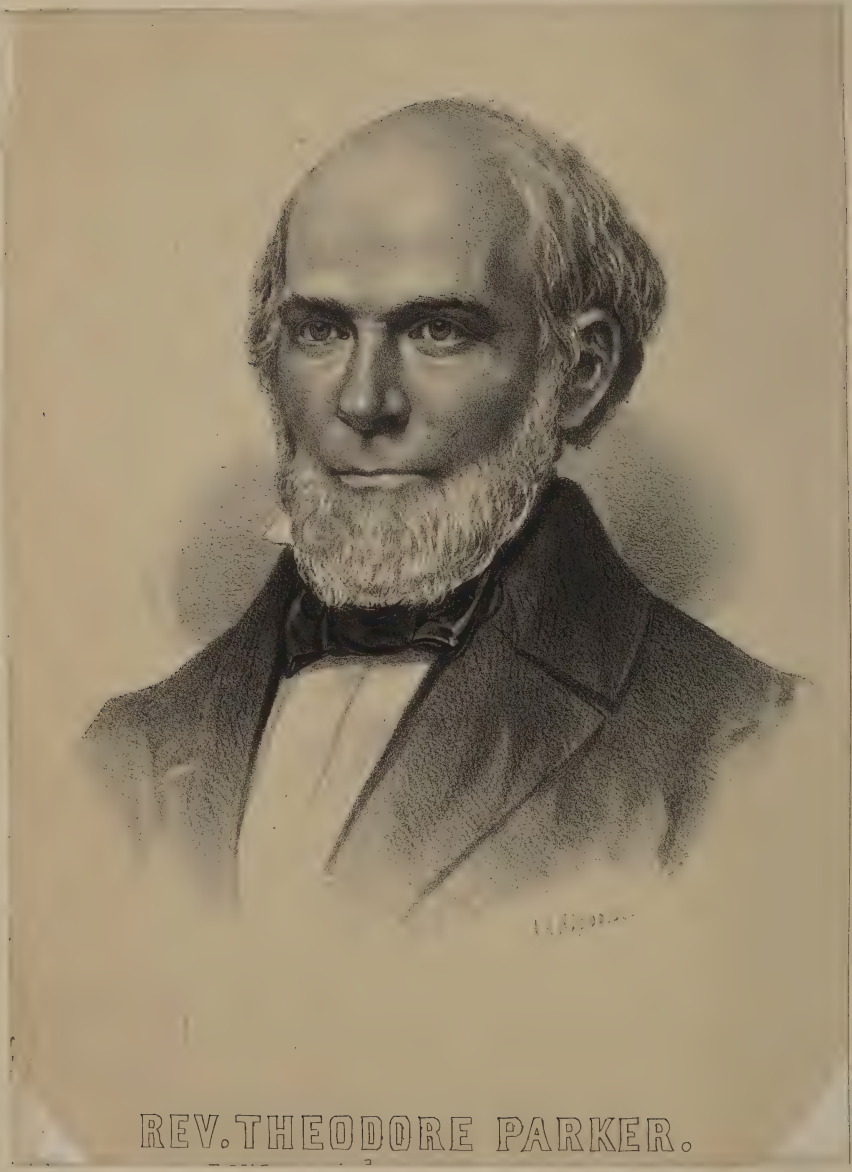

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE

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DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER,

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852.

BY

THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

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PREFACE.

It is now four months since the delivery of this Sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the criticisms on my estimate of him, which came to hand; I have diligently read the most important sermons and other discourses which treat of him, and have conversed with persons who have known Mr. Webster at all the various periods of his life. The result is embodied in the following pages.

My estimate of Mr. Webster differs from that which seems to prevail just now in Church and State; differs widely, differs profoundly. I did not suppose that my judgment upon him would pass unchallenged. I have not been surprised at the swift condemnation which many men have pronounced upon this sermon, — upon the statements therein, and the motives thereto. I should be sorry to find that Americans valued a great man so little as to have nothing to say in defence of one so long and so conspicuously before the public. The violence and rage directed against me is not astonishing; it is not even new. I am not vain enough to fancy that I have never been mistaken in a fact of Mr. Webster's history, or in my judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words, or motives. I can only say I have done what I could.

If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence, the character of Mr. Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now; for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death; five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present.

Boston, March 7, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN, — I address this Discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greatening our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation, — a younger and an older branch of the same great Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother-country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day, — occupying one-eighth part of the earth, and controlling one-sixth part of its inhabitants, — the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are mean and selfish; we have

founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

The question comes, Which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America, — the noble, or the mean and selfish? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour, — the lust for land, for money, for power, or fame? That is a question for you to settle; and, as you decide for God or mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment: shall it fail? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from Wrong at home: will you suffer that to work our overthrow?

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politics, — the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity, the Church and the Press, — the ecclesiastic and the literary form, — are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticizing both by the Absolute Right; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men; for this reason did I preach, and now again publish, this Discourse on one of the most eminent Americans of our day, — that men may be warned of the evil in our Business and our State, and be guided to the Eternal Justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the nature of things, and in

the nature of man; and, if this nation continually violates that law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm, that Righteousness exalteth a Nation, while Injustice is a reproach to any People.

DISCOURSE.

When Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child to her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position,—its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore, — conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind, — one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties, — their great and good men; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear: there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame: only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of, — I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed: if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will take care that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth and moon and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is "a little lower than the angels," and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now, — scarce one: there have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in great men, — her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day, the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great men appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found every thing else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa; and a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologians; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics great men recede, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what greatness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man. In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most

coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man, — is had in honor for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, "can smile and smile, and be a villain," — he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect, — the mind's least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties, — great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is then the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a state, or a gang of operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect, the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties, — the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law, — the Eternal Right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness.

Belial cannot yet honor Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honor it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honor men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you were confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth, — like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England shipmaster, wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief. Their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. When he once more visited his former realm, he found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god greater than their fancied deities: he had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. Why so? In intellectual qualities, in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. So loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy! — we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the

rock which lies in our way, — to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stents to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, — Infidel, Atheist, Blasphemer, Hypocrite. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St. Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day, — men of property and standing. They got nominations and honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking-stick, — so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

But, now and then, God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on

into other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will, by and by, unite in himself the four chief forces of society, — business, politics, literature, and the church. Himself a stronger force than all of these, he will at last control the commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action of mankind. But just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mood of greatness, will he at first be opposed, and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the day when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is only foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus? They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "he hath a devil." They mocked at the daily beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

Human nature loves to reverence great men, and often honors many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honor the greatest great men, — Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus — that loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived, — men whose light leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, whereover neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day,

which is also no lesson. Men great in little things are sure of their pay. It is all ready, subject to their order.

A little man is often mistaken for a great one. The possession of office, of accidental renown, of imposing qualities, of brilliant eloquence, often dazzles the beholder; and he reverences a show.

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy! It is not harder for a cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hardmouthed donkey, besmouched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swan-like Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, — with absolute truth and absolute right, as the norm of conduct. But, with most men, the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience; and the affections want a person. In his actions, a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad; and, by the affections, men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honor him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, — least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden under foot by her

affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly!" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will, — the good great man, the bad great man; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticize a man, take him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance? Man is to rule himself, and not be over-mastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is, — eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But "a cat may look upon a king," and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the

market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister, who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare, — he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come!"

What a great power is a man of large intellect! Aristotle rode on the neck of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage-ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrite, and mounted there himself; himself in turn to be unhorsed. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century! — Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the last twenty or thirty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the dead hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several States. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain. In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such, seldom had historic fathers, seldom leave historic sons. *Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.* Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only individuals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson — each was a childless flower, that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakspeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, "Great benefactors have been childless men." Here and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New England tree, rooted far off in the Marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents; but in general, if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, — so little, they are lost, — a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check. There is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary power. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that three-fold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole; our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or

hereditary privileges. If our man of large intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe, — only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; for these are the two factors of the American product, the multiplier and the multiplicand, — millions of money, millions of men.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, — the best ally, if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

Taking all these things into consideration, you see how important it is to scrutinize all the great men, — to know their quantity and quality, — before we allow them to take our heart. To do this is to measure one of the most powerful popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. Every office is to be filled by the people's vote, — that of public president and private cook. Franklin introduced new philanthropy to the law of nations. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon: —

"Monseignieur, — The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are entrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought, — to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations."

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equalled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse, he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, "Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made."

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by position on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station. You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems! but burn that clay in the fire, — and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age,

after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men: either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet may never reach far onward into the future. In America, he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from others in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power may be represented by two parallel lines, the one beginning where his influence begins, the other where his influence ends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind: not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and actions; by eminence of justice and of affection; by eminence of religion: he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd has nothing at all. His power also may be represented by two lines, both beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, containing time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class: he spread laterally in his life-time, and

took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man. Daniel Webster was a man of eminent abilities: for many years the favored son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a commanding eloquence — there were two million readers for every speech he spoke; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H. on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Capt. Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster.

The mother of Capt. Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller, formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Col. Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764 Mr. Web-

ster built himself a log-cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land "lapped on" to the wilderness; no New Englander being so near the North Star, it is said. The family was any thing but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier of the French war, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man, "high-breasted and broad-shouldered," "with heavy eyebrows," and "a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;" "a dark man," so black that "you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;" six feet high, and both in look and manners "uncommon rough." He was a shifty man of many functions, — a farmer, a saw-miller, "something of a blacksmith," a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and finally Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet "he never saw the inside of a school-house." In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbors took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the "black Eastmans," was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come, — the two Adamses, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. New Hampshire herself has furnished a large number of self-

reliant and able-headed men, who have fought their way in the world with their own fist, and won eminent stations at the last. The little, rough State breeds professors and senators, merchants and hardy lawyers, in singular profusion. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him in Ohio, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Capt. Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What!" said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; he was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Capt. Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log-house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy: "The child is father of the man." The common-school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she therein rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr. Webster's school-time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home; the saw-mill to be tended in winter; and, in summer, Daniel "must ride horse to plough;" and in planting-time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveller, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster. "Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy* at Exeter for a few months; then to study with Rev. Mr. Wood at Boscawen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and for the food of the mind. In the warm weather, "Daniel went barefoot, and wore tow trousers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr. Wood's barn and woodpile, and so diminished the pecuniary burthen of his father. But Mr. Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionnaire can buy it for a booby-son.

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child, an old "man-of-war's-man" living hard by Capt. Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intel-

* At the commemoration of Mr. Abbott's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of Phillips Academy, a time when "English was of no more account at Exeter than silver at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon," Mr. Abbott sat between Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, both of them his former pupils. Mr. John P. Hale, in his neat speech, said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIUS.

lect; at home was the Farmers' Almanac, with its riddles and "poetry," Watts's Hymns and the Bible, the inseparable companion of the New England man. Daniel was fond of poetry, and, before he was ten years old, knew dear old Isaac Watts all by heart. He thought all books were to be got by heart. I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out. In reading and spelling he surpassed his teacher; but his hard hands did not take kindly to writing, and the schoolmaster told him his "fingers were destined to the plough-tail."

He was not a strong boy, was "a crying baby" that worried his mother; but a neighbor "prophesied," "You will take great comfort in him one day." As he grew up, he was "the slimmest of the family," a farmer's youngest boy, and "not good for much." He did not love work. It was these peculiarities which decided Capt. Webster to send Daniel to college.

The time came for him to go to college. His father once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Capt. Webster remembered right well. "When you were a little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a *pen*, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only

"broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished, though he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him his diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college-yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it under foot.

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought.

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand — this Yankee Briareus — to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long winter-evening, by copying two *deeds*, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than one office before he found a place; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr. Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and

the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short-street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvellous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New England, making the promise he has since fulfilled.

Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr. Gore, — a prophecy which might easily be made: such a head was its own fortune-teller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office, he settled down as a lawyer at Boscawen, in New Hampshire. Thence went to Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire," known also in Massachusetts. He attended to literature, wrote papers in the Monthly Anthology, a periodical published in the "Athens of America" — so Boston was then called. He printed a rhymed version of some of the odes of Horace, and wrote largely for the "Portsmouth Oracle."

In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher, an attractive and beautiful woman, one year older than himself, the daughter of the worthy minister of Hopkinton, N. H. By this marriage he was the father of two daughters and two sons. But, alas for him! this amiable and beloved woman ceased to be mortal in 1828.

In 1812, when thirty years of age, he was elected to the House of Representatives. In 1814 his house was burned, — a great loss to the young man, never thrifty, and then struggling for an estate. He determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. "He doubted;" so he wrote to a friend, if he "could make a living in Boston." But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the State which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, "to forbeare exercising

his gifts as a pastor or teacher publiquely in the Pattent," "for his contempt of authority, and till some scandles be removed."*

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen, Senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labors in the law.

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication of the correspondence between these gentle-

* Records of Mass. General Court, Oct. 3, 1632.

men will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must for ever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this *aquilician* business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill," in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of the law of nations, in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the North-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and, if you furnish them, I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly the next three months." And again, July 16, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" But, alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the Higher Law.

Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a Constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith in the previous trial of the case.*

* See the Report of the Case of the Trustees of Dartmouth College, &c. Portsmouth, N. H. [1819.]

Let me speak of the public acts of Mr. Webster in his capacity as a private citizen. Here I shall speak of him chiefly as a public orator.

Two juvenile orations of his are still preserved, delivered while he was yet a lad in college.* One is a fourth of July oration, — a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighborhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college: —

"Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance."—p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution: —

"We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction, which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel."—p. 8, 9.

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* "An Oration pronounced at Hanover, N. H. the 4th day of July, 1800, being the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Independence, by Daniel Webster, member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.

"Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence," &c.

"Hanover, 1800." 8vo. pp. 15.

"Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Mass., a Member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, who died at Hanover (N. H.), on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a class-mate of the deceased. *Et vix sentiunt dicere lingua. Vale.* Hanover, 1801." 8vo. pp. 13.

In 1806, he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H.,* containing many noble and generous opinions: —

"Patriotism," said he, "hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honor and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satisfactory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defence of the law and the liberty of his country." — p. 21.

In 1812, he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth.† The political storm is felt in the little harbor of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes "to take counsel of the dead," with whom he finds an "infallible criterion." But, alas! "dead men tell no tales," and give no counsel. There was no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money-power begins to appear: "The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce." "Commerce has paid the price of independence." It has been committed to the care of the general government, but "not as a convict to the safe keeping of a jailor," "not for close confinement." He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

* "An Anniversary Address, delivered before the Federal Gentlemen of Concord and its Vicinity, July 4, 1806. By Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H., 1806." 8vo. pp. 21.

† "An Address delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812. By Daniel Webster. Portsm. N. H." 8vo. pp. 27. He delivered also other Fourth-of-July addresses, which I have not seen.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but commonplace productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political, — at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honor the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say, —

"Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution, — venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman, — would to God that France had many such to-day! — who perilled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic, — Fayette was there; the Fayette of two revolutions; the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say, —

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to

act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, when two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," — men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death, — then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chaunted the psalm of commemoration to the younger Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead; in his words they fought their battles o'er again; we heard them resolve, that, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave: —

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How loftily did he say: —

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a legislator and executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr. Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war; and the Democrats, who favored both. Mr. Madison, then President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat, was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. Political rancor invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief: were it not now a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr. Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices

and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the Judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the Courts in the State, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the government forbade its officers to grant protection to "colored sailors," though Massachusetts had more than a thousand able seamen of that class. Said a leading Federal organ,— "The Union is dear; Commerce is still more dear." "The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their Commerce."*

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for England. Said Mr. Fisher Ames,—"The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak." "Our country," quoth he, "is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty." "England," said another, "is the bulwark of our religion," and the "shield of afflicted humanity." A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as "enemies of England and monarchy," and accused the Democrats of "antipathy to kingly power." Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared "foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government"! Americans

* "Columbian Centinel" for July 25, 1812.

expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton, — burning houses and violating the women. Said the Federal newspapers, it is "impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane." Mr. Clay accused the Federalists of "plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union," and denounced the party as "conspirators against the integrity of the nation."

In general, the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an "incidental evil." Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us "no essential injury:" she "was fighting the battles of the world." They denied that she had impressed "any considerable number of American seamen." Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the "Edinburgh Review" declared, "Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice."

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament, Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be American citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war, two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy, refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the Guerrière was captured, there were

ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812—13 the Federalists could not find out the cases of impressment, — such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the State Courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism." "Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim."

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr. Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New England, now forgotten and faded out of all men's memory.*

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr. Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party; voting with Mr. Pickering a hundred and ninety-one times, and against him only four times, in the two years. Sometimes he "avoided the question;" but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his naval conduct, against the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

* I purposely pass over other political writings and speeches of his.

He opposed the government scheme of a National Bank.* No adequate reports of his speeches against the war† are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man, they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes. Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash.

But though his labors were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr. Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr. Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot *there* supply the place of knowledge."‡

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "pre-eminent" Daniel Webster. His deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest motives, and serving the meanest ends. His journal at Portsmouth was called the "lying oracle." Listen to this: "Mr. Webster spoke much and often when he was in Congress; and, if he had studied the Wisdom of Solomon (as some of his colleagues probably did), he would have discovered that *a fool is known by his much speaking*."

Mr. Webster, in common with his party, refused to take part in the war. "I honor," said he, "the people that

* Speech in the House of Representatives, Jan. 2, 1815. Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† See his Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 14, 1814, on the Army Bill. Alexandria, 1814. 8vo. pp. 14.

‡ "New Hampshire Patriot" of July 27, 1813.

shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and humanity dictate, and such as none but *cannibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart." Whereupon the editor asks, Will not the federal soldiers call the man who made the speech "a cold-blooded wretch, whose heart is callous to every patriotic feeling?" * and then, "We do not wonder at Mr. Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court): "even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches." † Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native volubility are mistaken for 'pre-eminent talent.' Of all men in the State, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy." ‡ He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer." "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting." "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the *woods* of Salisbury, or educated in the *wilds* of Hanover." §

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr. Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy." ‖ The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr. Webster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union." ¶ "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English Government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The Patriot speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaf-

* "New Hampshire Patriot," Aug. 27, 1814.

† *Id.*, Oct. 4, 1814. ‡ *Id.*, Aug. 2, 1814. § *Id.*, Aug. 9, 1814.

‖ *Id.*, Oct. 29, 1812. ¶ *Id.*, Oct. 13, 1812.

fected chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints."* The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his Farewell Address reprinted. Mr. Webster was charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."† The Federalists were a "British faction;" the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hostility against the Union;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation — it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "Maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot"‡ called Mr. Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters on:" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr. Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto:" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion."§ And Isaac Hill charges the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the States; striving to stir up the passions of the North against the South, — in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington."‖ I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1814, Mr. Webster sought for the office of Attorney General of New Hampshire, but, failing thereof, was re-elected to the House of Representatives. In the fourteenth

* March 30, 1813, quoted from the "Baltimore Patriot."
† "Boston Patriot," No. 1.
‡ July 21, 1813.
§ Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 8, 1813.
‖ "New Hampshire Patriot" for June 7, 1814.

Congress, two important measures came up amongst others, — the Bank and the Tariff. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay favored the establishment of a national bank, with a capital of $35,000,000. Mr. Webster opposed it by votes and speech, reaffirming the sound doctrines of his former speech: the founders of the Constitution were "hard-money men;" government must not receive the paper of banks which do not pay specie; but "the taxes must be paid in the legal money of the country."* Such was the doctrine of the leading Federalists of the time, and the practice of New England. He introduced a resolution, that all revenues of the United States should be paid in the legal currency of the nation. It met scarce any opposition, and was passed the same day. I think this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.†

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs. Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr. Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the "dangers of manufactories." Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the Northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged.‡ Mr. Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue. Revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.§

In 1816, Mr. Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation, — Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri Territory? Here, too, Mr. Webster was on the

* Speech in House of Representatives, Feb. 28, 1816 (in "National Intelligencer for March 2, 1816). See also Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† It passed April 26, 1816. Yeas, 79; nays, 35.

‡ But see Mr. Calhoun's defence of his course, Life and Speeches, p. 329.

§ Speech in House of Representatives.

side of freedom. He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr. Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. Said the preamble: —

"The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honor and safety of the United States." "In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested." "If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burthened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified."

It was Resolved, that Congress "possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State, a condition of its admission." "It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States."

In a speech, Mr. Webster "showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibiting slavery in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the further progress of slavery, which else — and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits — would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean."*

Mr. Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.† Said he:

* Account of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States (in "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Dec. 4, 1819).

† "A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union," &c. &c. Boston, 1819. pp. 22.

"We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery." But, "to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity, and fraud, and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity and the liberties of mankind?"—p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the Northern men.* Said a writer in the leading journal of Boston: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least, it has an end. But negro-slavery is misery without mixture; it is Pandora's box, but no Hope at the bottom; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually." †

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against "any further extension of slavery," as "rendering our boasted Land of Liberty pre-eminent only as a mart for Human Flesh."

"Sad prospects," said the "Boston Daily Advertiser," "indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliberative assembly, will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery." ‡

The South uttered its threat of "dissolving the Union," if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. "The

* See a valuable series of papers in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," No. I. to VI., on this subject, from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, 1819. Charge of Judge Story to the Grand Juries, &c.; *ibid.* Dec. 7 and 8, 1819. Article on the Missouri Compromise, in "North American Review," Jan. 1820. Mr. King's speech in Senate of United States, in "Columbian Centinel" for Jan. 19 and 22, 1820. See also the comments of the "Daily Advertiser" on the treachery of Mr. Mason, the Boston representative, March 28 and 29, 1820.

† "L. M." in "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

‡ "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Nov. 20, 1819.

threat," said a writer, "when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once wonder and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding States would form." "We have lost much; our national honor has received a stain in the eyes of the world; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime."* Only four New Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise, — Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster held no public office in this State, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they show the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and energy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. Said he, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet

* "Boston Daily Advertiser" of March 16, 1820.

he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary, — New Hampshire had shown him examples of legislative injustice, — but contended ably for the independence of Judges. He had great veneration for the existing Constitution, and thought there would "never be any occasion for great changes" in it, and that "no revision of its general principles would be necessary." Others of the same party thought also that the Constitution was "the most perfect system that human wisdom had ever devised." To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. Indeed it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the "assembled wisdom of the State."*

On the 2d of December, 1823, Mr. Webster took his seat in the House of Representatives, as member for Boston. He defended the cause of the Greeks "with the power of a great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended interference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.† "The

* Some valuable passages of Mr. Webster's speeches are omitted from the edition of his Works. (Compare vol. iii. pp. 15 and 17, with the "Journal of Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of Delegates," &c. Boston, 1821. pp. 143, 144, and 145, 146.) A reason for the omission will be obvious to any one who reads the original, and remembers the position and expectations of the author in 1851.

† Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. Even the educated men were filled with enthusiasm for the descendants of Anacreon and Pericles. The leading journals of England were on the same side. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr. Rich and

policy of our Government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments." "The civilized world has done with 'the erroneous faith of many made for one.'" *

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labor, of some nice research, and still of value. † "Like a mighty giant," says Mr. Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue-power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority." ‡ He represented the opinion of New England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalists of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr. Dexter thought it "an unalienable right," § and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the laboring classes be taxed for the necessaries of life?" ‖ The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public opinion of Northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr. Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time the protective system is ruinous to the laboring man, but again "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labor;" and the duty on coal must not be diminished, lest coal grow

Mr. Luriottis, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Mr. Clay was on the same side with Mr. Webster. But Mr. Randolph, in his speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

* See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr. Webster in this speech. Works, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78, and 92 and 93. *Oh si sic semper!*

† Vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.* See Speech in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 2, 1820.

‡ Speech in reply to Hayne, vol. iii. p. 305.

§ Argument in District Court of Massachusetts against the Embargo.

‖ Memorial of the Citizens of Salem.

scarce and dear.* Non-importation was "an American instinct." †

In 1828 he voted for "the bill of abominations," as that tariff was called, which levied "thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports," "not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of two evils."

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun‡ who introduced the measure first. Mr. Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the "American System." Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. Gen. Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr. Clay was jealous of foreign commerce: it was "the great source of foreign wars." "The predilection of the school of the Essex junto," said he, "for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable." Yet he correctly said, "New England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff." §

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution. ‖ It

* Works, vol. iv. p. 309. † Works, vol. ii. p. 352.

‡ See Mr. Calhoun's reason for this. Life and Speeches, p. 70, *et seq.*

§ Speech in House of Rep., April 26, 1820. Works, vol. i. p. 150.

‖ Compare his speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 (Works, vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.*; and 228, *et seq.*) with his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837, 1846. Works, vol. iv. p. 304, *et seq.*; vol. v. p. 361, *et seq.*; and vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* and 349, *et seq.* Compare vol. iii. p. 118, *et seq.* and 124, *et seq.* with vol. ii. p. 357. See his reasons for the change of opinion in vol. v. p. 186 and 240. All of these speeches are marked by great ability of statement.

seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824: but it seems to me that he was honest in the change; for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation.*

In the days of nullification, Mr. Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old question of Federal and Democrat, — the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts, — Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favor of a strong central government; honestly in favor of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or far-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he

* Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, Sept. 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* with vol. v. p. 161, *et seq.* and vol. ii. p. 349, *et seq.*

reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindication of their State. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native canebrake, and, without apparent consciousness, crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American Government was exclusively national, and not Federal.* The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the claims of the individual States to the claim of the central authority. He favored consolidation of power, while the South Carolinians and others favored local self-government. It was no doctrine of his "that unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declared them unconstitutional; thus making, not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers.

It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on that question; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr. Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the States. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;† and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeach-

* Last remarks on Foote's Resolution, and speech in Senate, 13th Feb. 1833. Works, vol. iii. p. 343, *et seq.*; 448, *et seq.*

† See Mr. Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, in his Works, vol. i. (Charleston, 1851); Life and Speeches (New York, 1843), No. iii. — vi. See, too, Life and Speeches, No. ix. xix. xxii.

able integrity in private. Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Measure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr. Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life, — the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify, — England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation, — the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens, yea, were brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honor to any statesman in the world.* He refused to England

* Works, vol. vi. p. 318, *et seq.*

the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.* It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare that he thought that letter was the most triumphant production from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr. Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the north-eastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? for a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St. Lawrence, was to terminate at that point. The American claim was most abundantly substantiated; but it left the British Provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814), it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827, this matter was referred to the King of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His award ceded to the British about 4,119 square

* Works, vol. vi. p. 303, *et seq.*

miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr. Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Webster declared — "that Great Britain ought forthwith to be told, that, unless she would agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783, we would then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can!" *

The day before, and in all soberness, he declared that he "never entertained a doubt that the right to this disputed territory was in the United States." This was "perfectly clear, — so clear that the controversy never seemed to him hardly to reach to the dignity of a debatable question."

But, in 1842, the British minister came to negotiate a treaty. Maine and Massachusetts were asked to appoint commissioners to help in the matter; for it seemed determined on that those States were to relinquish some territory to which they had a lawful claim. Those States could not convey the territory to England, but might authorize the Federal Government to make the transfer. The treaty was made, and accepted by Maine and Massachusetts. But it ceded to Great Britain all the land which the award had given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles (upwards of 3,000,000 acres) of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good. Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States, with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained

* *Evening* Debate of Senate, Feb. 27, 1839 (in "Boston Atlas" of March 1).

with the navigation of a part of the St. John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid these two States $300,000, and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims, — about $300,000 more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were for ever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain. What did England concede? It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not entitled to any great glory among diplomatists. In 1832, Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a million acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the south-western boundary, and not the north-eastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr. Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts;* nay, he was indignant at the presumption of

* For the facts of this controversy, see, I. The Definitive Treaty of Peace, &c. 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. viii. p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, &c. 1794. *ibid.* p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, *ibid.* p. 218. — II. Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. i. chap. xxx. *id.* vol. iv. p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth

these States asking for compensation when their land was ceded away! Was there any real danger of a war? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter fire-brands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a "*conventional* line," not to accept the line of the treaty! Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before, — more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New England would have found fault?

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United

Congress, stat. i. chap. lii, *ibid.* vol. v. p. 402; and stat. ii. chap. ii. p. 413. III. Statement, on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th Sept. 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. &c. (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the North-Eastern Boundary claimed by them, &c. &c., by Albert Gallatin, &c. (New York, 1840). Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts, 1839, No. 45; 1841, No. 9. Documents of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44. — IV. Congressional Globe, &c. (Washington, 1843), vol. xii. and Appendix. Mr. Webster's Defence of the Treaty; Works, vol. v. p. 18, *et seq.*

States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the Presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud, — the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honorable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. Said he, at the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time."* The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the permission of the government, great facilities to commit offences."†

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say: —

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt, — I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of

* Reported in the "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

† Memorial to Congress, *ut supra*.

God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to coöperate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

In 1830, he honored Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honorably vindicated that man who lived "too near the north star" for Southern eyes to see. "I regard domestic slavery," said Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, "as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political." *

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do any thing that should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he: —

"On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, — and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, — who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; it may be made willing — I believe it is entirely willing — to fulfil all existing

* Works, vol. iii. p. 279; see also p. 263, *et seq.*

engagements, and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it, — should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow." *

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing "beneath an October sun" at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the "institutions" of the South. †

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare: —

"I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth! and because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage, — because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time *and all times, now and for ever.*" ‡

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But, as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favored annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York. In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a Slave State. § Here he stood with John

* Works, vol. i. p. 356–7.
† Works, vol. ii. 93, *et seq.*
‡ Works, vol. ii. p. 270.
§ See Works, vol. ii. p. 552, *et seq.*

Quincy Adams, but, alas! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr. Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North; Mr. Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave-soil; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr. Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had labored then for freedom with as much vigor and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused, New England would have risen as a single man, and annexation of new slave-soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican war, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot proviso" came up. Mr. Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery, — which had been passed unanimously, — and he endorsed them all.

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico." "If any thing is certain, it is that the sentiment of the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into new Slave-holding States." *

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* "Congressional Globe," March, 1847, p. 555.

At the Whig Convention at Springfield, in 1847, he maintained that the Wilmot Proviso was his "thunder."

"Did I not commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely?" "I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent. We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power."*

On the 10th of August, 1848, in the Senate of the United States, he said: —

"My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave-representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free Soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its Anti-Slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization.

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still. But how inconsistent his conduct!

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech — you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new Slave States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30′ to become Slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave-territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sales

* Remarks in Convention at Springfield, Sept. 10, 1847; reported in "Boston Daily Advertiser."

of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil; that he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendments, "with all its provisions," "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that Bill. He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that "with alacrity."

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March: you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake! They could not believe the lightning. You know how the Whig party, and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favor of the trial by

jury, of the unalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and "those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

At the moment of making that speech, Mr. Webster was a member of a French Abolition Society, which has for its object to protect, enlighten, and emancipate the African race! *

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Law Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, — all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, — his industry, never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "Neighbors in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union Meetings:" "Blue-light Federalists," and "Genuine Democrats dyed in the wool," united into one phalanx of Hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical, — the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an amendment to the Constitution; and the clergymen, that his public and

* Institut d'Afrique pour l'Abolition de la Traite et de l'Esclavage. Art. ii. "Il a pour but également de protéger, d'éclairer et d'émanciper la race Africaine."

private practice was one of the evidences of Christianity. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own brother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits, — I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar, — they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth! — Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was, — "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street-brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.

You remember the seizure of Shadrach; you remember his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an Angel who let him out; for that court, — the kidnappers' court, — thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an Angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court-house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851, — at least I do. You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing over the grave of Judge Story, he said, — "Justice is the great interest of mankind." I think he thought so too; but at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said, — "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra-resolutions in favor of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union. The orator of Bunker Hill replied: —

"Gentlemen, I concur in the sentiments expressed by you all — and I thank God they were expressed by you all — in the resolutions passed here on the 10th of December. And allow me to say, that any State, North or South, which departs *one iota* from the sentiment of that resolution, is disloyal to this Union.

"Further, — so far as any act of that sort has been committed, — SUCH A STATE HAS NO PORTION OF MY REGARD. *I do not sympathize with it.* I rebuke it wherever I speak, and on all occasions where it is proper for me to express my sentiments. If there are States — and I am afraid there are — which have sought, by ingenious contrivances of State legislation, to thwart the fair exercise and fulfilment of the laws of Congress passed to carry into effect the compacts of the Constitution, — THAT STATE, SO FAR, IS ENTITLED TO NO REGARD FROM ME. AT THE NORTH THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAINLY SOME INTIMATIONS IN CERTAIN STATES OF SUCH A POLICY."

"*I hold the importance of maintaining these measures to be of the highest character and nature, every one of them out and out, and through and through. I have no confidence in anybody who seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions.* There they are. Many of these great measures are irrepealable. The settlement with Texas is as irrepealable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so irrepealable, are just as important; and *we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification.* They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; *and they must be performed and abided by,* IN WHATEVER EVENT, AND AT WHATEVER COST."

Surrounded by the Federalists of New England, when a

young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart: —

"Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, *it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent*. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

"Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of *Free Principles*, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them."

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

"Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth."

"I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions."*

The opponents of Mr. Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from the Fugitive Slave Bill to "the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected." How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. "When noth-

* Speech at the Revere House in Boston, April 29, 1850, in "Daily Advertiser" of April 30.

ing else will answer," says he, "they," the abolitionists, "invoke religion, and speak of the 'higher law!'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this: —

"*The Fugitive Slave Law* — Upon its faithful execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared, —

"You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said, —

"What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when every thing respected, every thing good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America — America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world — is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions?"

How do you think the audience answered then? With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Said Mr. Webster, "These are Whig principles;" and, with these, "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech

is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

In 1846, a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to "defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow;" to "oppose any further addition of Slaveholding States to this Union;" and to have "free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none."

Then Mr. Webster declared he had a heart which beat for every thing favorable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad; then, when in "the dark and troubled night" he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem Star, he rejoiced in "the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery."* Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day."†

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against him, — misrepresentation, denunciation, invective. Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate, "was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God had given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth; and enough of his

* Speech at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 23, 1846, reported in the "Daily Advertiser," Sept. 24.

† Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, in "Boston Atlas" of May 14.

purposes were effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slaveholders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well.* Mr. Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole Omnibus full of compromises to stanch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians."† I think Mr. Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22d of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live, and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again, — saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and then at Capron Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is a mere opinion, and nothing more. Look at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion, — the state of the public funds; the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of prudent and far-sighted brokers, who knew there was no danger. But all this time, when Mr.

* See his description in 1830 of the process and conclusion of nullification. Works, vol. iii. p. 337, *et seq.*

† Speech in Senate, Sept. 10, 1850.

Webster was telling us the ship of state was going to pieces, and required undergirding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm; while he was advising Massachusetts to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of the unalienable rights of man; while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas — the monster of the deep that threatened to devour the ship of state — fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the Constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, throwing over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God, — the funds of the United States did not go down one mill. You asked the capitalist, "Is the Union in danger?" He answered, "O yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then will you sell me your stocks lower than before?" "Not a mill; not one mill — not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!" To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should ask the captain of the steamer "Niagara," in Boston harbor, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath. No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat's-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution — does it "establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity," and "secure the blessings of liberty" to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it, — with every sixth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, save the five thousand miles which Mr. Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought "still more dear" than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation, — the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; without commerce, without manufactures; with six million white men and three million slaves; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labor, an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with! How would that new democracy appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny? It would not be long before this younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat, — would arise, and go to his father, and say, "Father, forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The Southern men know well, that, if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to itself legs, and run away, — or firebrands, and make a St. Domingo out of Carolina! They cast off the North! they set up for themselves! "Tush! tush! Fear boys with bugs!"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued, — always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never throve in his keeping, — had stormed and blustered and bullied. "Gen. Taylor the second choice of Massachusetts for the President," quoth he: "I tell you I am to be the first, and Massachusetts has no second choice." Mr. Clay must not be nominated in '44; in '48 Gen. Taylor's was a "nomination not fit to be made." He wanted the office himself. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency, — fifty

thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in Utah and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa.

He never labored so before, and he had been a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active, nor gave such proofs of Herculean power. The hottest headed Carolinian did not put his feet faster or further on in the support of slavery. He

> "Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
> That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair."

Once he could say,—

> "By general instruction, we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment." *

In 1820 he could say, "All conscience ought to be respected;" in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law. In scorn of the higher law, he far outwent his transatlantic prototype. Even Strafford, in his devotion to "*Thorough*," had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said,—"If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator."

The fountains of his great deep were broken up — it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory,

* Debate in the Mass. Convention, Dec. 5, 1820. "Journal," *ubi sup.* p. 145; erroneously printed 245.

and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the Ark of Freedom went on the face of the waters, — above the market, above the factory, above the court-house, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the Religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The Secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they appeal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech." *

He derided the instructions of his adopted State.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that State, — what of that?

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other State!" †

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the Higher Law, and the God thereof!

"New England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition Societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by a law above the Constitution, — but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men-catching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole

* Speech at Capron Springs. † Ibid.

Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments."

"Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in all the great cities, — here in Syracuse, — in the midst of the next Anti-slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their 'lives and their sacred honor'!" *

How he mocked at the "higher law," "that exists somewhere between us and the third heaven, I never knew exactly where."

The anti-slavery men were "insane persons," "some small bodies of fanatics," "not fit for a lunatic asylum." †

To secure his purposes, he left no stone unturned; he abandoned his old friends, treating them with rage and insolence. He revolutionized his own morals, and his own religion. The strong advocate of liberty, of justice to all men, the opponent of slavery, turned round and went square over. But his old speeches did not follow him: a speech is a fact; a printed word becomes immovable as the Alps. His former speeches, all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall! Oh, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!

The effect of Mr. Webster's speech was amazing: at first Northern men abhorred it; next they accepted it. Why was this? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery: —

"The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime."

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* Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851).

† See speech at Buffalo, 22d May, 1851. Vol. ii. p. 544, *et seq.*

Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomed monster came: then Avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster, Hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song: there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon wormed its way along, — crawled into the church of commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then, with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphisbæna of the Western World then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the higher law of God. Northward and Southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech:

> "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
> And, unawares, morality expires."

Then what a shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings of angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium: —

> "They but now who seemed
> In bigness to surpass Earth's giant-sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
> Throng numberless, ...
> . . . . . to smallest forms
> Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
> Though without number still, amidst the hall
> Of that infernal court."

Mr. Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the state and church. Then what a caving in was there! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. "Penn's sandy foundation" shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves flee from a farmer's barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient Cradle; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and cracked, their bowing walls all out of plumb. Colleges, broken from the chain which held them in the stream of time, rushed towards the abysmal rent. Harvard led the way, *Christo et Ecclesiæ* in its hand. Down plunged Andover, "Conscience and the Constitution" clutched in its ancient, failing arm. New Haven began to cave in. Doctors of Divinity, orthodox, heterodox with only a doxy of doubt, "no settled opinion," had great alacrity in sinking, and went down quick, as live as ever, into the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the bottomless pit of lower law, — one with his mother, cloaked by a surplice, hid neath his sinister arm, and an acknowledged brother grasped by his remaining limb. Fossils of theology, dead as Ezekiel's bones, took to their feet again, and stood up for most arrant wrong. "There is no higher law of God," quoth they, as they went down; "no golden rule, only the statutes of men." A man with mythologic ear might fancy that he heard a snickering laugh run round the world below, snorting, whinnying, and neighing, as it echoed from the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, plunged down the self-same way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found faithful men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping, — nay, Doctors of Divinity were found living, — in all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt; they stood road-ready. Liberty and Religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will hold me up!"

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court-house; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder, and a keeper of slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing. "Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!" In early life, Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr. Webster had complained of this, declaring that "Mr. Hill had done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life." After that day of St. Judas, Mr. Webster pursued the same course which Mr. Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled.* The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same "Omnibus,"— "a blue-light Federalist" and "a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool."

Think of him! — the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock

* See Letter of Hon. Isaac Hill (April 17, 1850), and Mr. Webster's Reply.

advocating the Compromise Measures! the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honoring the holy dead with his praise! — think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who "perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! — think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the higher law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts, — ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single magpie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the "lower law," who made denial of God the first principle of their politics? Where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the "higher law;" or at Capron Springs, who "laughed" when he mocked at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers?

The "lower law" men and the kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes.

Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote, — not a vote; no, not one! Northern friends — I honor their

affection for the great man — went to the South, and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went "with tears in their eyes," and in mercy's name, and asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered, "Not a vote!" It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians "did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward." It was the fate of Strafford, the fate of Wolsey. When Lasthenes and Euthycrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished — if Demosthenes be right — only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr. Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card, — his last card. Mr. Calhoun had said, "The farthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man." They could trust him with their work, — not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall. "He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!" The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunderstroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, "I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!" His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed — the poor, disappointed old man! — to

"congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for Gen. Scott!

Gen. Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for "fellow-citizens, native and adopted," listening for "that brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read Gen. Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President, — Scott in the chair, and Webster out! That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Daniel Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield — to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word endorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our court-house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and, worst of all, Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defence of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns — our honor we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge, in '76; without shoes and blankets in '78; and the bare feet of New England valor marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience, never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law, not thinking that in politics religion makes men mad.

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to "conquer our prejudices" against letting him in; to throw down the wall "with alacrity," and bid him come: it was a constitutional Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabres of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest Pharo on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Said Mr. Webster once, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent."* Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defence of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designed to be its text?† Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and

* "Columbian Centinel," March 11, 1820.

† Works, vol. v. p. 373–4.

sagacious friend in Boston, asking, How far can I go in defence of freedom, and have Massachusetts sustain me? The friend repaid the confidence and said, Far as you like! Mr. Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came, — the rawest wind of March, — the friend declared: It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr. Webster, and he has done the deed!

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the court-house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "higher law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third is certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth has the assurance of his consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves. Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, — so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us! — all those three are of New England blood!

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My

mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say these words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honor Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion-words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I learned to hate slavery from the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his word, and comes himself to be Slavery's slave, I hate it ten-fold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the unalienable rights of man.

Sober and religious men of Boston yet mourn that their brothers were kidnapped in the city of Hancock and Adams — it was Daniel Webster who kidnapped them. Massachusetts has wept at the deep iniquity which was wrought in her capital — it was done by the man whom she welcomed to her bosom, and long had loved to honor. Let history, as

> "Sad as angels at the good man's sin,
> Blush to record, and weep to give it in!"

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad colored. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags drop half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts — at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and Justice must wait another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping

Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers, — the court that executes the Fugitive Slave Law, — that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life. Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill — it does not respect life, why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.*

Do men now mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston, — hated then, now "respectable men," "the companions of princes," enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor, and for the first

* I am told that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the motive; but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing *Shadrach* from the fiery furnace made ready for him.

time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when the court-house was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mould, — a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo, —

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome;"

he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms, — looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as

one of the great forces of the globe: they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was "manly black." His mind —

> "Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.
> On his brow
> Sat terror, mixed with wisdom; and, at once,
> Saturn and Hermes in his countenance."

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth; yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, — great passions and great thoughts.

> "The front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Let me examine the elements of Mr. Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the religious powers, which join men consciously to the infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word, much in the lower. He had the conventional form of religion, — the formality of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the

Levite to the temple: morality took the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts, — that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job "a great epic poem," and quoted Habbakuk by rote; — that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called "divine service;" agreed with a New Hampshire divine "in all the doctrines of a Christian life;" and, in the "Girard case," praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof, — the latter as "appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself."

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts's tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was stored with the poetry of hymn-books; he was fond of attendance at church. He had no particle of religious bigotry; joining an Orthodox Church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech. Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his latter life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn, — "It makes men mad"! It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good: though he loved "to have religion made a personal matter," he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance. His "religious character" was what the churches tend to form, and love to praise.

II. Of the affections he was well provided by nature, though they were little cultivated, — attachable to a few who knew him, and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king.

He had small respect for the mass of men, — a contempt for the judgment and the feelings of the millions who make up the people. Many women loved him; some from pure affection, others fascinated and overborne by the immense masculineness of the man. Some are still left who knew him in early life, before political ambition set its mark on his forehead, and drove him forth into the world: they love him with the tenderest of woman's affection. This is no small praise. In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two modes, — friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore, men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshipped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the higher law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition, — vulgar men in Boston and New York, who bask in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He

cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American Government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and levelled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress. In Charleston he was the "schoolmaster that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union," when he stood before their eye. They were "high-minded and chivalrous:" it was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men — ay, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never paid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and, that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr. Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends, — as tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free Soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the Slave Power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which

was cruelly broke off in '52. Men, parties, the law,* and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. If you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes; the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Reason; — the Understanding dealing with details and methods, the practical power; Imagination, with beauty, the power to create; Reason, with first principles and universal laws, the philosophic power.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great Reason. He does not belong at all to the chief men of that department, — with Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Des Cartes, and the other mighties. Nay, he has no place with humbler men of reason, with common philosophers; he had no philosophical system of politics, few philosophical ideas of politics, whereof to make a system. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large Imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence.

But his Understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always

* Leges invalidæ prius; imo nocere coactæ.

associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher Reason and Imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgment in a body: he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his — not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well. When Secretary of State under Mr. Tyler, he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr. Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read: it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

* See these letters — to Mr. Thompson, Works, vol. vi. p. 445, *et seq.*; and those of Mr. Bocanegra to Mr. Webster, p. 442, *et seq.* 457, *et seq.* How different is the tone of America to powerful England! Whom men wrong they hate.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat; he neglected the public business, — left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr. Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery Question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr. Lawrence sent it to Mr. Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr. Webster did not communicate it to the Senate; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death. Now, it is not "compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of the Department. You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries! No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, "unless bathed in negro's blood:" support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, "like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment."

Lacking both moral principle and intellectual ideas, political ethics and political economy, it must needs be that his course in politics was crooked. He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought in it, as surpassing our fathers who stood behind bulwarks on Bunker Hill! He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up. Now he is for free trade, then for protection; now for specie, then for bills; first for a bank, then it is "an obsolete idea;" now for freedom and against slavery, then for slavery and against freedom; now Justice is the object of government, now Money. Now what makes men Christians makes them good citizens; next, religion is good "everywhere but in politics, — there it makes men mad." Now religion is the

only ground of government, and all conscience is to be respected; next, there is no law higher than the act of Congress, and he hoots at conscience, and would not re-enact the law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the strait line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the Bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery, they exceeded the limits of the Constitution; he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper money; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several States and the citizens; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed"! Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confidence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favorite with the people," — "sure of election if nominated;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He

thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North; that it could be executed in Syracuse, and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity. So he had little value as a permanent guide: he changed often, but at the unlucky moment.

He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints: he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Law has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far as he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator; it is said, the greatest in the land, — and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine; his massive head; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects far off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth so full of strength and determination, — these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them by his will more than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words; for he could not embody the sunshine in such flowers of thought as Burke, Milton, and Cicero wrought into mosaic oratory. But, since the great Athenians, Demosthenes and Pericles, who ever thundered out such spoken eloquence as he?

Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great oration. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a living son; nor the wide

knowledge, the deep philosophy, the plastic industry, which forms a beautiful whole by art, as a sculptor chisels a marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence, cascading into poetic beauty now, then watering whole provinces with the drainage of tropic mountains: he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business-style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason, — Calhoun did that the more, — not the imagination: in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength — he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising "middle terms," in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice.* Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man; part from the bulk of will,

* See examples of this in the Créole letter, and that to Mr. Thompson (Works, vol. vi.), and in many a speech.

which marked all his speech, and writing too; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by gunnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target. *

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr. Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar, and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy,

* "Tu quoque, Piso,
Judicis affectum, possessaque pectora ducis
Victor; sponte sua sequitur, quocunque vocasti:
Et te dante capit judex, quam non habet iram."

in the court-house, in the senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick, — the trick of self-depreciation. That came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, to deceive; and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life, he rose no higher than Secretary of State; and held that post but five years. He was continually out-generalled by subtler men. He had little political foresight: for he had not the all-conquering Religion which meekly executes the Law of God, all fearless of its consequence; nor yet the wide Philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed; nor the great Justice which sees the everlasting right, and journeys thitherward through good or ill; nor the mighty Reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men; nor the poetic Imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law; and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency; but Harrison kept him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thun-

der of his own — the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures, — to free-trade or protection, to paper money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Law, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again, — "The South will get no concessions from me." Mr. Webster commended the first draught of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr. Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof "to the fullest extent." But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, "The Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate."* "I was of opinion," said he, "that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives."† Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.‡ He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labor, belonged to the State whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.§ Of course he must have considered it constitutional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of "twelve good and lawful men," who should pass upon the

* Mr. Webster's letter to the Union Committee. Works, vol. vi. p. 578, *et al.*

† Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851), p. 17.

‡ See it in Works, vol. v. p. 373–4.

§ *Ibid.* p. 354.

whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted, as he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to a bill which took away from the States all jurisdiction in the matter, and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man! He had almost no self-reliant independence of character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course, — "driven by the wind and tossed."

Mr. Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures, and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words against oppression, — the despotism of the "Holy Alliance" in Europe, the cruelty of the Slave Trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension of slavery beyond the Mississippi. Not philanthropic by instinct or moral principle, averse to democratic institutions both by nature and conviction, he yet, by instinctive generosity, hated tyranny, hated injustice, hated despotism. He appealed to moral power against physical force. He sympathized with the republics of South America. His great powers taking such a direction certainly promised a brilliant future, large services for mankind. But, alas! he fell on evil times: who ever fell on any other? He was intensely ambitious; not ambitious to serve mankind, but to hold office, have power and fame. Is this the "last infirmity of noble mind"? It was not a very noble object he proposed as the end of his life; the means to it became successively more and more unworthy. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For some years, no large body of men has had much

trust in him, — admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7, he said, "I WILL be maintained in Massachusetts." Massachusetts said No! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time. Calhoun was popular throughout the South; Clay, in all quarters of the land; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports, — boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honorably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things, — in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep, — choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows, — short horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises; and so his farm twittered all over with their "sweet jargonings." Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely

clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had no money to bestow; they could not share his intellect, or the renown it gave. But he gave them his affection, and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him, — whom he also loved; "a good neighbor, a good townsman:"

> "Lofty and sour to those that loved him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use, — the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure: he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power, to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the Federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Rantoul, and Sumner; yes, one

other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these, — the name of Garrison. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared "protection of property" to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, "Liberty first and Union afterwards" was delusion and folly;" that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favor of unalienable right, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the blood-hound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government; that our New England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by Justice and the Law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines, — a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of Right, no mighty acts of Love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr. Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." *

* Lord Brougham's speech on Negro Slavery, in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Calhoun, Clay, Webster — they were all able men, — long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves "Democrats," taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every sixth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr. Webster's private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues that he did not have. This day, such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall

> "Naught extenuate and nothing add,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue worse than any since as conspicuous, — open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's baser parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme: others were as bad as he.*

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clove

> * Hoc sat viator: reliqua non sinit pudor;
> Tu suspicare et ambula.

to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washerwoman was left unpaid; few Americans have spent so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr. Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the great mind could have kept that counsel! But, even at Portsmouth, luxury brought debt, and many an evil on its back. He collected money, and did not pay! "Bread of independence," when did he eat it last? Rich men paid his debts of money when he came to Massachusetts; they took a dead-pledge on the man; only death redeemed that mortgage. In 1827 he solicited the Senatorship of Massachusetts; it "would put down the calumnies of Isaac Hill"! He obtained the office, not without management. Then he refused to take his seat until ten thousand dollars was raised for him. The money came clandestinely, and he went into the Senate — a pensioner! His reputation demanded a speech against the tariff of '28; his pension required his vote for that "bill of abominations." He spoke one way, and voted the opposite. Was that the first *dotation?* He was forestalled before he left New Hampshire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a judge who administers the law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer Lord Bacon who tried it; answer Thomas More who tried it not. It is worse for a Maker of laws to be bought and sold. New England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great senator in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his

services were worth, — gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid! *

A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the capitalists of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas More, when "under Sheriff of London," would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as chancellor. But Webster in private took — how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers' wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonorable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging law. He heeded not "the delegated voice of God" which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! There is no higher law, quoth he; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar,

* "Sed lateri nullus comitem circumdare quærit,
Quem dat purus amor, sed quem tulit impia merces,
Nec quisquam vero pretium largitur amico,
Quem regat ex æquo, vicibusque regatur ab illo:
Sed miserum parva stipe munerat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter *consilia* possit."

denies its God! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good, and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it?"

> ——— "A barren sceptre in their gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of theirs succeeding."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

> "Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
> The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
> Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
> Which labor could not stoop, nor fear control?

Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause? —
Where the delightful taste of just applause?

Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!"

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

"To dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

"Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night."

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court!

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame!

Since the Revolution, no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr. Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion: slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory; was invading the State Rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it; they were asking —

"Who is the honest man, —
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true;
Whom neither fear nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due?"

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr. Webster as the man; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his college days and extending over many a year, — all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honorable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that "the protection of property" was "the great object of government," he sought to unite the Money power of the North and the Slave power of the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the Higher Law of God.

Had he lived and labored for freedom as for slavery, — nay, with half the diligence and half the power, — to-morrow, all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honor from a people's hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies! If Mr. Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with half the diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position, — a Senator for twenty years, — if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen! Then the nation

would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men's ideas of political greatness; "the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality."

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error — he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind. The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption? — at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, "Our God, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin — pity the offending man. The tone of political morality is pitiably low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, which honors "devoutness," and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whited sepulchre. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. His is not all the blame. We must blame Mr. Webster as we blame few men. Society takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags: the gallows kills the murderer. But for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thraldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime, — for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, but the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the oppressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God: He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr. Webster is to be pitied, we know right well. Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and "soundness in the faith," "his praise in all the churches." Had he been a politician in a better age, — when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes, — he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for Truth and Right. Who could not in such a time? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas! he was not firm enough for his place; too weak in conscience to be the champion of justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr. Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he had "no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State, — that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it; in the Church, — that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer, — is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray? See how corrupt the churches are, — the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine and Rhode Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri! The leading men in Trade, in Church and State, think justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof! Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrifty; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother

Ezekiel went safely through that peril, — no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty"! It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were worth more than all the money he received. Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone!

What a sad life was his! His wife died, — a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb? — a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum!

What a sad face he wore, — furrowed by passion, by am-

bition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows, — private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child!

For years to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the Western World, — widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning: him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston; the procession, last summer, you remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with the mockery of applause! You remember, when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union; of the compromise measures, not a word. That farce was played out — it was only the tragic facts that were left; but for his great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned; at least, here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you are not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I must be tender too!

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them, too. But I pity him more, oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin? Look there! See that

face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!" Listen to the last words of the Crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall, — it was "Faneuil Hall open;" once it had been shut — it was last May — the sick old man — you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists, a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good Constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face, — the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great man's mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus' shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr. Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the court-house, no man-stealing in Boston; but the "Defender of the Constitution," become the "Defender of the unalienable rights of man," would have been the President of the United States! But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made; no man can serve two masters, — Justice and Ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home — to die! His neighbors came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him what cheer they

could. To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die: he surrendered, — he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him; his dear ones — his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there, — whom he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want — thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That heart had never wholly renounced its God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at His "higher law;" but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him: he heeds it not. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost? Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew: —

> "He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honor shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fall; sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and HE alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all! Oh! let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshipped, and a higher law of God which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray: —

> "Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
> This statesman lead, his sins forgiven;
> The rueful conflict, the heart riven
> With vain endeavor,
> And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
> Effaced for ever!

But

> —— why to him confine the prayer,
> While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
> On the frail heart, the purest share
> With all that live?
> The best of what we do and are,
> Great God, forgive!"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Pub.& Lith. by J.H.BUFFORD, Boston.Mass

A

REVIEW

OF

"A DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, PREACHED AT THE MELODEON ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852, BY THEODORE PARKER, MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON."

BY

"JUNIUS AMERICANUS."

"He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and that uttereth slander, is a fool." — PROVERBS, x. 18.
"Answer a *fool* according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." — xxvi. 5.
"I'll prove it on his body." — SHAKESPEARE.

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PREFACE.

The writer of this Review has waited, expectantly, for what seemed to him a long time, to see the work which he has undertaken done by some other hand; but no one seemed disposed to take hold of it. Some said the Discourse was not worth noticing; others that it was unanswerable. Some even of Mr. Webster's friends shook their heads sadly, and said that much of it was too true! The writer of this Review could no longer consent to see an "Ossa upon Pelion" of obloquy resting on Daniel Webster's grave, and this Review is the result. Prepared as he was to find in this Discourse much more to condemn than to praise, he had not an idea of one half of its iniquity. He knew there was abuse and misrepresentation, but did not know what malignity, meanness, prevarication, indecency, bad metaphor, false logic, false statement, canting hypocrisy, and, comparing it with the first edition, what deliberate contradiction, alteration, interpolation, and crafty suppression for a selfish purpose, there was extant in these one hundred and eight pages of a funeral discourse upon the greatest man of our time. We saw that it had lain on Webster's grave too long already; that it had gone through an immense newspaper edition, and a *revised* pamphlet edition; had been almost universally read, and, by those interested in its success, lavishly commended until there was danger that Daniel Webster *mirabile dictu* would be taken by a great many honest people at

Theodore Parker's valuation! Under these extraordinary circumstances this Review has been undertaken, with the settled determination of a thorough *exposè*, and the design will be pursued with a will that knows *no relenting*. Charlatanry, chicanery, and effrontery have done their utmost to gain for this individual the public ear, and his pernicious influence being on the increase, it is high time to "abate him as a nuisance."

To affect any squeamishness in handling such a subject would be *merely* an affectation, and none will be affected.

It is, we are aware, a *dirty piece of work*, but, like the sanitary explorations, investigations, and expurgations necessary to the public health, it is not dishonorable, and we are willing to suffer in the nostril for the public good.

It may be thought that the reviewer takes too much notice of the trifles of style: the reason for treating them so seriously is this; these "straws" of metaphor "show which way the wind of doctrine blows" him, and give a knowledge of the meteorology of his passions. In this relation they assume an importance not intrinsically their own.

The intention of the reviewer is not only to show up the Discourse and take away its power for evil, but to serve the author of it in the same way. To make a stethescopsis of his cardiac region,—to prove his probity with the probe of probabilities. To sound his depth,—ascertain his specific gravity,—approximate a fair market valuation of his "notions." Lay down on chart the shallows and quicksands of his theology,—ascertain his electrical condition, and see if he is not too positive to be a good conductor,—study his metallurgy and see how much of him is gold, and how much brass; assay the coinage of his brain, and see how much of it is spurious; examine the vaults of his mind, to see how much of the deposits is specie, and how much specious, and also if there has not been an overissue of paper; to ascertain the amount of his

indebtedness to others, and inquire into the propriety of getting some Rev. Sidney Smith to inscribe *Ære alieno* on his forehead. Finally, to calculate how much the public would probably lose by taking him, and his "properties," at his own personal valuation.

By an unheard of ferocity of attack upon a dead man's fame, in a *funeral sermon*, this man has put himself beyond the pale of conventional protection. He has shown no mercy to the dead, we shall show none to him living.

He appears to combine the meanness of a Thersites, with the ferocity of a Richard, and the boastfulness of a Falstaff. Like the latter, he would stick his cowardly steel into a dead hero's thigh, swear he had fought him an hour by Shrewsbury clock, and boast of having slain him. Like Gloster, one feels tempted to say, in passing the sword of justice to "the joints and to the marrow,"

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, I that have neither pity, love, nor fear!"

REVIEW.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In forming one's judgment upon a great man like Daniel Webster, it is necessary to take a stand where we can look at his character and actions in a proper light—to retire from him to a proper distance, that we may look at his proportions from the right point of view.

Of this, however, the writer of the Discourse under consideration is by nature and *art* incapable.

To illustrate, we will relate a short story, *not* to be found in "Plutarch's Lives," or "Cæsar's Commentaries."

Once upon a time, there lived in Italy a Roman, named Minutius Specius Spectacus, who was bestridden by the idea that he was a great critic in matters of art, especially statuary; and by dint of giving his opinion on all possible occasions, with all possible audacity, he found a good many to believe in his pretensions.

Strange as it may seem, he was near-sighted and squint-eyed, and his sight was obscured by a constant rheum, occasioned by his habit of gazing too closely and continuously upon one point.

Spectacus had heard of the great Colossus at Rhodes, and he determined to give the world the benefit of his

judgment upon it; so he set sail for that island, amid the cheers of his particular coterie, and expressions of mutual admiration that were very gratifying to all concerned.

Arrived in sight of the object of the visit, the captain of the vessel proposed to cast anchor some ways out, as was customary with those who went to view this immense statue.

There stood the mighty Colossus, between the limits of whose giant stride the commerce of a city passed and repassed with outspread sail, a noble object at the proper point of view. But our critic, Minutius Specius Spectacus, at that distance, purblind as he was, could only see a tall and undefined something, which he could neither comprehend nor appreciate; so he must needs sail on, and land near by, where he could see a little better.

Getting on shore, he went winking and blinking up to one of the statue's mighty feet. He could hardly tiptoe a horizontal glimpse across the massive instep; but he went peeping and peering and squinting about, with a most sagacious and cognizant expression.

He put his finger here, and his thumb there.

He was curious to know what it was made of.

He found fault because it was not polished.

Finally, he took out a graduated rule, and proceeded to calculate the superficies of the toe-nails; and lo! he found that there was disproportion between the great toe-nail and the little toe-nail!

This ascertained, he needed no more. A Phidias or a Praxiteles could not have shaken his faith in the idea that the thing was a failure. "Though he had been brayed in a mortar," yet would not that "foolishness have departed from him."

He sailed out of the harbor, and out of sight of the Colossus, without once looking behind him; and, having

arrived at home, in an assembly of his fellow *quidnuncs*, he declared that he had made the Colossus an object of special study and accurate investigation, and that it was a complete failure; for that, although it looked large, and perhaps was large—people said it was—yet that there was a discrepancy in its proportions that spoiled the whole thing: that the great toe-nail was a quarter of an inch too small, and the little toe-nail was a sixteenth of an inch too large: "and you know, fellow citizens," concluded *Minutius Specius Spectacus*, "that where a thing is so manifestly wrong at the *very tip end of the great toe*, it must be wrong all the way up; and my conscience will not let me rest until I have burrowed underground, and upset this great monstrosity."

But lo! that very day the earth shook and trembled, and ere long it was noised abroad that an earthquake had overturned the Colossus.

"Never mind," said Minutius Specius Spectacus, "I'll burrow under its ruins." And lo! he is rooting to this day.

Thus ends the story.

In like manner with Minutius Specius Spectacus, there are some men that make manifest their own defective organization when they undertake to consider the character of Daniel Webster, and to treat of the mighty themes with which his giant reason grappled.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROVOCATION.

"*Could he* come near with *his* nails,
He'd set *his* ten commandments in *your* face." SHAKESPEARE.

THE design of this chapter is to possess the reader at once with a distinct view of the unheard of indecency and malignity of the Discourse under consideration, and justify beyond question the reviewer's severity. On page 22 he begins the attack; and from that beginning to "the bitter end," eighty-six whole pages, he goes on in what appears to us such a strain of unfair statement, illogical inference, shallow judgment, lying assertion, and wilful perversion, and distortion of what he cannot plausibly deny, as cannot be paralleled in the dog-fights of a party press campaign, much less in the literature of a profession that boasts of a Massillon, a Hall, a Tillotson, a Chalmers, and a Channing. Let any man read it, mark its contradictions—its self-evident falsifications—its entire devotion to the malice prepense base purposes of its unscrupulous author, and then say if the reviewer has been half as severe as the case warrants. Why, there is not a crime, not an enormity, not a monstrosity of unheard of criminality, which this saintly "*minister*" does not accuse Mr. Webster of; and then, on page 105, when exhausted malignity, feeble and out of breath, could do no more, in comes hypocrisy, to let it rest awhile, saying, "I must be just. I must be tender, too!"

In the name of all that is decent, how could this man betray such inconsistency, and, like a little child with

his mouth crammed full of the speech obstructing evidence of his guilt, blubber, "I did not do it;" with both hands full of gingerbread into the bargain!

Who believes him when he says he *loved* Daniel Webster?

We find no fault with fair statement, logical inference, consistent condemnation; but when a man says now, I admire the man, then there is nothing to admire in him — now whines over his grave, the next moment spits on his epitaph, and in impotent rage kicks at his escutcheon, he outrages common feeling to that degree that the honest heart revolts, and we turn away in uncontrollable loathing from such apparent hypocrisy.

Let the following precious extracts bear witness of the spirit of the Discourse under review. We cannot in conscience ask any one to "read, mark, and inwardly digest," — all we venture to expect is that the reader will put the nauseous mess in a condition to be ejected with all convenient speed.

"*To accomplish a bad purpose he resorted to mean artifice.*"

"*He used misrepresentation.*"

"*The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate, was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities of which God had given him the use.*"

"He threw over his own morality, his own religion, *his* OWN GOD." (He was an *atheist* then.)

"*Here was the reason he wanted to be President.*"

"Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of liberty in the capitol."

"*Think of him, full of the Old Testament, and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the higher law of God.*" (He accuses him of blasphemy.)

"Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, — so low that no man quotes him for a precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there not less than

an archangel ruined, and enticed the nation in his fall. *Shame on us! — all those three are of New England blood.*" (!) (Traitor.)

"Daniel Webster kidnapped." (A thief.)

"The companions of his later years were chiefly low men with large animal appetites, *servants of his body's baser parts* (!) or tidewaiters of his ambition, — vulgar men in Boston, and New York, who bask in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. *These barnacles clave to the great man's unprotected parts* (!) *and hastened his decay.*" (!) (A debauchee.)

"He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men."

"In later years his face was the visage of a tyrant."

"He was indeed eminently selfish, (!) joining the *instinctive egotism of passion* with the *self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition.* He borrowed money of rich young men — aye, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never paid."

"He neglected the public business." "No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, unless bathed in negro's blood." (!) (A murderer!)

Then comes "lack of ideas and honesty."

"Fond of sensual luxury, — the victim of low appetites. Intensely proud." "*Private money often clove to his hands,*" — "collected money and did not pay." "His later speeches smell of bribes." "*No man living has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar!*"

"*He sinned against his own conscience, and he fell,*" — "*he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind.*" (!)

Now, in the name of all that is virtuous, what horrid

monster in human shape, had this man reference to, in the *debauchee*, *thief*, *robber*, *murderer*, and BLASPHEMING *atheist*, described in these extracts?

Why *Daniel Webster!!!*

Is Theodore Parker "tender?" In the Bible we find it written, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" what then are the tender mercies of Theodore Parker, if the above is his idea of the "tenderness of woman's love."*

Now, either this man Parker believes what he has said above, or he does not. If he does believe it, he might as well tell of the soft affection he has for the ravening wolf, or the raging wild boar of the forest, as to ever mention such a word as "*tenderness*" in connection with such an inhuman, worse than wild beast monster, as he makes out of the man whom "children loved and clave to," Daniel Webster.

"If he does not believe it," as before God I do not doubt, then is he doubly damned, as a foul-mouthed liar, and a black-hearted scoundrel, "who should be lashed naked through the world with a whip of scorpions," and run the gauntlet of God's creation in like manner, until he pitches headlong into that outer darkness in which is his proper portion, until he repents himself of his foul slander, and says, in the remorse of returning virtue,

> ——————— "O, would the deed were good,
> For now the devil that told me, — I did well
> Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell!"

The author of this review in common with hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, perused this Discourse as it was published in the "Commonwealth" newspaper, phonographically reported. In that form it had an im-

* See page 2 of Discourse.

mense circulation. About eighty thousand copies were sold. In the perusal of that copy we did not, however, go much further than the first two thirds, and from that perusal we had the impression that it was as fair as could be expected of its author. In pursuing our object of a full and searching review, we have taken pains to make a thorough comparison of the two editions, namely, the newspaper phonographic report, and the pamphlet edition, revised and corrected for the press by the author. In the preface to this last, he tells us that he has investigated anew, and that the pamphlet edition is the result; so of course we expected to find additions, and perhaps alterations of mistakes of statement, if any such had occurred; but it was with great astonishment that we beheld the *spirit* and *temper* of the *interpolations*, and the *character* and *design* of the *alterations*. The two copies are almost word for word alike, with some changes in arrangement of topics, and the interpolations, *excepting* some very remarkable alterations, omissions, and substitutions, which we will point out. Verily, a man who does not stick to the truth, should have a long memory and a careful eye to future consequences. Said a colored woman once to the reviewer, "The truth will bear its own weight!" It was a striking expression. Its converse must then be true; "falsehood will fall with its own weight." What then shall be the fate of this Discourse? Let us examine and see.

The accuracy of the phonographic reporter of this sermon may be seen by comparing the two editions from page 1 to page 15, where end the general and preliminary remarks, and where the personal portion commences. We find a good deal interpolated in the first brief sketch of Webster's life, but nothing of material consequence until, upon the 22d and 23d pages, we find that the entire attack on Mr. Webster's fame as a constitutional

lawyer, is an interpolation. This we treat of in its proper place, and for the present let it pass. The *political* bearing of this interpolated attack cannot be mistaken. We intend to show that it is the deliberate intention of the author to disparage Mr. Webster's abilities as much as he can, that he may drag the great man down as near as possible to his own level, and familiarize his readers with the idea that Webster was overrated.

On page 18 we observe that the "cider-barrel" figure of speech, which is treated of in its proper place in the review, is added to and *beautified.*

On page 28, from "In November," etc., to page 38, ending with "Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts," is an interpolation. About *ten* pages, the most of it relating to *Federalism*, is thus added. This is treated of in another portion of the review.

It is proper in this place to observe, that, although the sermon in pamphlet thus differs from the sermon as delivered, yet it is put out under the title of "A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster, preached at the Melodeon* on Sunday, October 31st, 1852;" and being thus entitled, and being also "the sober second thought" of the author, it is treated as if it were all then written and delivered. He has fathered and legitimated the whole brood, and of course must be responsible for them, when all these "curses, like chickens," are sent "*home* to roost."

Still, in order that the reader may see the *deliberate animus* of the performance, we give the alterations, etc.

On the 39th page we find the following *sneer* interpolated in pursuance of the design of systematic *depreciation.* We quote, "To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. In-

* The Twenty-Eighth Society now occupy the New Music Hall.

deed, it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the 'assembled wisdom of the State.'"

According to the statement in the Discourse, that he was ten years old when Webster, in 1820, spoke at Plymouth, Mr. Parker is now not far from forty-three,—about five years older than the "young man" at whom he sneers.

Whether he himself is old or young, properly speaking, it is quite plain that he has outgrown "the modesty of youth," for he claims to "surpass the assembled and collective wisdom," not only "of the State," but of the nation, both in politics and religion. We are inclined to think, however, that he is rather more of a "juvenile" than "a *Juvenal*."

His opinions would not spoil in keeping a while longer —in fact they are green — they need to ripen. He should let the fruit remain on the tree longer, claiming as he does that his tree alone brings forth fruit fit to eat. Perhaps, however, if we pursue the analogy, we shall understand the whole matter. His present published opinions are, probably, part of them, mere "windfalls," shaken violently off by the tempest of controversy, and green, of course,—calculated to give, in Fanny Fern's expressive language, "a pain under the apron;" and part of them have fallen off because of the *worm* in them.

We will next introduce two extracts, one from the newspaper edition, and the other from the pamphlet edition. The italics are the reviewer's.

From the newspaper.	*From the pamphlet.*
"In 1828 he voted for the 'bill of abominations,' as the tariff was called; not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of sundry evils. Afterwards, he became a strong	"In 1828 he voted for the bill of abominations, as that tariff was called, which levied 'thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports,' not because he was in favor of

advocate for a high protective tariff. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion. It seems to me *his first* opinion was right, *and his last opinion wrong*,—that he never answered his first great speech; *but it seems to me that he was honest in the change.*

"In 1816 and 1824, the South wanted a protective tariff; the North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. Calhoun, at that time, was in favor of an United States protective tariff. *There was, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason to Mr. Webster for this change;* but he had other fluctuations on this matter, which, I grieve to say, do not seem capable of an explanation *quite* so honorable."

the measure, but as the least of two evils.

"In 1816, the South wanted a protective tariff; the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. * * *

"After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. He has been blamed for his change of opinion; *but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution.* It seems to me his first opinion was right, *and his last a fatal mistake;* that he never answered his first great speech of 1824. But it seems to me that he was honest in the change; *for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide.* But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation."

It is hoped that the honest reader will compare these two columns of extracts carefully with each other. In the first he says, in so many words, "but it seems to me that he was *honest* in the change." There it stands alone, unqualified; but how is it in the second? Ob-

serve the interpolations beginning at "Here he has been blamed," etc. The first is an absolute, unqualified expression; the last contains a labored effort to neutralize the whole of an expression he did not *dare* to *expunge*.

Now, mark the precise terms of the following, found also in "the newspaper." "There was, it seems to me, a *good* and *sufficient reason* to Mr. Webster for this change." This is direct. On the 31st of October, 1852, Mr. Parker thought that Mr. Webster was *absolutely honest* in his change as to the tariff. In the pamphlet edition he qualifies that expression by additions which give the impression that he was not honest, but did it to please his constituents. Are we unfair in so charging Mr. Parker? There are the extracts. Let any one read the two and see for himself. It will be seen that in the pamphlet he omits, "*There was*, it seems to me, a *good* and *sufficient* reason to Mr. Webster for this change." "Good and sufficient" for what? why, to make him "*honest*" in the matter.

Are these alterations, taking them in spirit and in letter, compatible with *moral honesty* of purpose?

We will say nothing about any "*tenderness*" towards Mr. Parker. We mean to be just, but he cannot expect mercy. It is our deliberate and carefully weighed opinion, that he is *intentionally dishonest* in the matter above; and we charge him with it before men and before God.

From the pamphlet.

"Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise, and subtle, and far-sighted. But in 1833, he introduced his Compromise measure, to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster."

From the newspaper.

"Mr. Clay was certainly a great man, wise, and subtle, and far-sighted. [*I wish I thought he was* as honest as Calhoun, or could be persuaded that he was as *generous* as Webster;] but in 1833 Mr. Clay could not vote for the force bill which Webster so *proudly defended* against the South Carolinian idea. Mr. Clay would not vote against it—he avoided the question; the air of the Senate was so bad he could not stay."

What does the candid reader think of the above? Observe the tenor of that part whose place is a perfect *blank* in the pamphlet edition. Why was it left out? was it or not, we leave it to the reader, left out because in it he calls Mr. Webster "*generous?*"

Observe the alteration and condensation of the last part. You see he has *squeezed out* all the praise of Mr. Webster there was in it;—"*proudly defended*" is not there. Why not? The whole thing tells its own tale, as will the cheek of Mr. Parker, when he peruses for the first time the exposure of this "baser part"* of his doings. But this is nothing to what is to come. In popular phrase, "it opens rich."

From the newspaper.

"While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life —the one deed on which his fame as a political officer *will settle* down and rest — the Ashburton Treaty, in 1842. The matter was difficult; the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify — England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine; *nay, it is whispered that there was a fifth party — the government at the time.* The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British government sent an *honorable representative*, and America an *honorable Secretary*; the *two trustworthy men* settled the difficulty, *honestly, fairly, and above board*; I am not *niggard of my praise*, but *I think* this the *one great deed* of Mr. Webster. Perhaps *no other* man could have done

From the pamphlet.

"While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life,— the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator *seems* to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington, in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify — England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over *a minister* to negotiate a treaty with the *American Secretary.* The two *eminent statesmen* settled the difficulty. *It has been said* that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. *Perhaps* I am no judge of that; *yet I do not see why any sensible and* HONEST

* See extract from Discourse.

so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. I am no judge of that."

man could not have done the work. * * * Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating *because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before.*" (!)

What a striking difference between these two estimates of the character of one and the same transaction. In "the newspaper" he says Mr. Webster's fame *will* settle down, etc., and in the pamphlet he says, seems to settle down and rest. It will be in vain to charge that difference upon the phonographic reporter. Seems and will are not at all alike in sound, and phonography goes by *sounds*. In addition to that the whole tenor of "the newspaper" estimate accords with the absolute assertion, for he says in so many words, "*I am not niggard of my praise, but I think this the one great deed of Mr. Webster.*"

But it is not necessary to dwell upon this. The record speaks for itself. Read it — read it in the original documents, do not trust to this review; read it as his own printer has it. Read the *whole* account. Observe his skill in the use of "middle terms," as he labors in the hopeless task of puttying his inconsistencies together. Observe how differently the negotiators are alluded to in the two versions. See where he puts in "perhaps," and mark what follows.

Mr. Parker has managed this matter bunglingly. He has made a regular bull, upon one of whose horns he is sure to suffer. This is his dilemma. He is either insincere, or else in the first edition he "made a fatal mistake." The two estimates of the same action are direct contradictions. We would, for the sake of the public, preserve a semblance of respect for Mr. Parker, but does not the question come up irresistibly, in the brevity of common parlance, "Which is he, knave or fool?" What right had

he to *say any thing* on the 31st of October, when, if his last statement is correct, he *knew so little?*

Here is another alteration, the motives of which cannot be mistaken.

From the newspaper.	*From the pamphlet.*
"He had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: *the* sullen cloud still hung over his own head."	"*It was thought that* he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: *a* sullen cloud still hung over his own *expectations of the Presidency.*"

Let the above tell its own tale. The attention of the reader is called to the interpolations enumerated below. Observe the general tendency of them. "Discourse," page 22, from "Look at the," etc., to the bottom of page 23. Page 28, from "In November," to page 38, "of Massachusetts." Read the whole of the tariff matter, and compare "the newspaper" and the "pamphlet" on that subject. Read the "Treaty" matter in both.

Compare the two editions where he comes to speak of the slavery question. Observe the subtlety with which he endeavors all along to be-little the great man, and mark what bearing the alterations and interpolations have on that subject. See how he alters and leaves out epithets honorable to Mr. Webster, as in the treaty matter, and in other places; leaving out entirely in the pamphlet "as *generous* as Webster," "honorable secretary," "trustworthy men," "honestly, fairly, and above-board," "his great heart — it was always a great heart — no downfall could make it little," all these left out. Some ways further on, in "the newspaper," several columns from his account of the treaty matter we find the following, which is left out of the pamphlet: "The treaty signed at Washington, in 1842, he managed well with all its intricacies." The following are also left out or altered in

pursuance of his design. "Commonly Webster was honest in his oratory; open, *English*, and not *Yankee*. * * * * * * It was the *tactics of a great and honest-minded man*."

How do our New England people relish the above? "open, English, not *Yankee!*" "honest," "open," are English; but *covert* and *dishonest* he calls *Yankee*. How is it with this *Yankee* preacher? Is he really then a *specimen* of us Yankees? Honesty forbid!

The above is not in the pamphlet. It slipped out unawares, and is suppressed for a purpose. Does the truth require all this trickery in its advocates? Cannot the higher law of Mr. Parker's conscience be enforced without such trickishness as the perversions and omissions recorded above? Alas for the higher law, if it is to be interpreted by a mind of so crooked an order as his appears to be.

Further on in the newspaper, we find the following fling at Mr. Clay:—

"Henry Clay labored to defeat him at Baltimore last June. This was not generous in Mr. Clay, for in '44 Webster had toiled earnestly for that 'Hero of the West,' toiled for his rival, toiled against hope. But Mr. Clay bore him a grudge, and on his death-bed waited for the consolation of his more *generous* rival's fall, *saw it, was glad, and died content*." (!)

Is the above a *decent* thing to put into a funeral discourse? This also is not in the pamphlet. The newspaper edition reached, as we are credibly informed, the extraordinary circulation of *eighty thousand*:—it was in that.

But we tire of this scavengerie, and will end this department of it by the following, which is in the newspaper, but not in the pamphlet.

"Yet, in his *generous* nature, there was no *taint of avarice.*"

It was an afterthought to deny him *generosity.*

CHAPTER III.

HIS EXORDIUM.

"In this man's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light." — SHAKESPEARE.

"I CAN only say, I have done what I could," says Mr. Parker in his preface; and one can scarcely go through with this "Discourse," as he is pleased to term it, without the full conviction that he *has* done what he could. He has "left no stone unturned" in his own heart and brain; and out from under each he has dislodged the serpent coiled there, to hiss and strike at Mr. Webster's reputation.

He opens the Discourse with an allusion to "Bossuet, the eagle of eloquence."

He himself, in his foul-mouthed groping in the entrails of the dead, reminds one irresistibly of an obscene turkey buzzard, gobbling greedily at the body of a lion, with beak and claws that never dared to touch him living.

Was there ever such a vile, unscrupulous, unmanly, and dastardly attack as this preacher is guilty of, and that, too, under the garb of *reverence* and *affection* for the object of it?

At the outset this crocodile tear-spiller has the effrontery to say:—

"Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day!

Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulties of my position—its delicacy too." (!)

One would suppose, after this touching exordium, that, like Shem and Japhet, he would have stepped backward, with the mantle of charity, to cover, even from his own eyes, the frailties of one he professed to venerate, and not like Ham have shown him up to public scorn and derision. But the curse of Ham will cling to him. No one ever dared to attack the lion living, and survived the onset. "One shake, one roar," and all was over. We shall see, in the after career of this discourser, whether the proverb will or will not prove true, "better is a live dog than a dead lion."

The "*delicacy* of *his position!*" aye, and his delicate behavior in it! We'll not forget either of them—we'll take care that they shall be remembered.

"I am no party man," he remarks very naively, "you know that I am not." He should have said, I am a "no-party" man, which is the most bigoted kind of a party man.

A little further on he says, "It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame." Really? Is it for the information of the public that this important assertion is hazarded? What will the public say of the justice of the author of the Discourse after reading its heaps on heaps of blame? blame of all possible kinds, expressed in all possible ways. Blame by innuendo, by insinuation, by implication, by imputation, by accusation, by crimination. Blame of carelessness, imprudence, improvidence, dishonesty in speech, purpose, money: of malignity, revenge, tyranny, bigotry, impurity, etc. etc., to an amount which, if it were all put together, so that he could see it at one glance, would bring the blush of shame upon the cheek of Theodore Parker himself, even if the tell-tale blood were compelled to anastomose the million of dis-

severed capillaries through the hard cicatrice of his seared conscience on the long forgotten way to the brazen face.

Verily, "it is unjust to be ungenerous!"

"Most of you," continues he to his hearers, "are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope," this sanguine preacher goes on to say, "you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong." It is much to be doubted if those who sit long under such sermons as the one under notice will, for any great length of time, retain that power of discriminating. False reasoning, combined with unfair and untrue statement, illustrated by bad metaphor, must in time injure the mental and moral perceptions.

He again says, "give me your sympathies." For the honor of human nature, it is to be hoped he did not obtain what he asked, even from the great majority of those whom curiosity and love of novelty had drawn in to witness this *carrion eucharist.*

As for those who already sympathized, they needed no pressing. Their ears were itching so violently that, at every harsh sentiment and savage accusation that scratched their tympanum, they all cried out, internally, "God bless" this theological "Duke of Argyle;" and so held up their ears to be scratched again to the end of the chapter.

They had all of them made up their faggot of opinions, and not a soul of them, the preacher included, would ever think of taking one out to examine it, for fear of loosening the bundle.

But the climax of this man's loathsome hypocrisy is yet to come. The reader has of course perused the Discourse, and knows with what it is filled—what is the staple article in its composition. Then judge what sort of a man he is who, on the second page of a Discourse made up of such material, can coolly say, "This I am

sure of,—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try and be as fair as the justice of a man." (!)

Just Heaven! how could even *that* man, *iste vir*, have had the foolhardy assurance to let such a sentence as that go out to the world in ineffaceable print, with such a damning proof of its falsehood, and his own baseness at the heels of it? "*Quem Deus vult perdere!*"

The fact is, there seems to be no truth at all in this man. He put that in because in and by itself it is beautiful; and if he had followed it up with "tenderness" and "justice," it would have remained "a thing of beauty" that would have been in his reader's mind "a joy forever;" but as it is, it shows like the rose in the cheek of an abominable harlot, breeding disgust continually. That man would sacrifice the holiest truth that ever emanated from the Divine heart for an affectation, a miserable affectation! Let him recall to mind, and lay to heart, and reduce to practice, a sentiment he uttered only six lines before, "Only the truth is beautiful in speech."

It is evident that Theodore Parker had anticipated the occasion of this Discourse—had considered its topics all over—had nursed its sentiments in his heart, and made swaddling clothes of words for them in his brain, while Daniel Webster lay upon his couch of sickness. It was to be his biggest gun he would bring out, and his heaviest shot was to be fired. When the time came, he was ready loaded, primed, and cocked. We can easily appreciate the "feeling sense" he had of his "present opportunities," when we find him divulging his exultation at the god-send of a great subject in the following terms: "Such a day as this will never come again to you and me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he."

No doubt of it. The weeping hyena would never have another grave like this to dig into and desecrate, so he must needs go at it "tooth and nail."

To end this chapter as it was begun, by a quotation.

> "Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed;
> For he's disposed as the hateful raven."

CHAPTER IV.

HIS INTRODUCTION.

> "He apprehends a world of figures here,
> But not the form of what he should attend." SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING accomplished his exordium to his evident satisfaction, Mr. Parker opens his preliminary observations by a metaphor that would be good if it were *true*.

The evident looseness and slipshodity of his style, annoying as it is to a reader who is at all particular in such matters, would have been left unnoticed in this review, if he had not informed us in his preface that he had taken pains to revise the Discourse, and so, as we may fairly infer, has given it deliberately to the world and the *critic*, as a production its author considered worthy of himself, the subject, and the occasion. This being the case, of course he will expect no quarter. At any rate, he will find the reviewer to be, as Walter Scott said, "one of the Black Hussars of literature, that neither give nor take quarter."

Not to detain the reader from the main subject of this chapter, we quote from the Discourse.

"A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men."

The above sounds very oracular, *very.*

So a great man is all for show, and not for *use*, — he is a *blossom*, is he? Botany forbid! The "prophetic flower," prophesying of what? "Parent of seeds that will be men,"— prophesying of "seeds?" But unless that flower matures into some sort of a fruit, its chance of a seedy progeny is very small. Is it not so?

It is not true that the great man is the blossom of the world; — he is rather "the crowning fruit of an era." In the *fruit stage*, the "seeds" are matured. What is the destiny of the individual blossom? It is to become an individual *fruit.*

"This," continues the preacher, "is the greatest work of God; (this 'blossom!') far transcending earth and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It (the blossom) is 'a little lower than the angels,' and, like the aloe tree, it (the blossom) blooms but once an age."

"Ye gods, and little fishes!" There is a figure, or rather a concatenation of figures. Hereafter, when our professors of rhetoric wish to illustrate, by an unmistakable instance, the subject of mixed metaphors, they will only have to refer the student to "Theodore Parker's Discourse," etc., top of the third page; and there they will find such an instance. They will there be taught that an apple blossom is greater and more perfect than an apple; that the great man *blossom* is the *greatest* work of God! — greater than the great man *fruit!* that this blossom blooms like the aloe *tree!*

But he says, "the great man is the blossom of the *world*,"—that the world is by comparison a tree or shrub that blossoms like the aloe, only once in a century, and the

product of that blossoming is a great man! A great blow out, certainly.

But the world is *not* like the aloe that blooms but once an age. It blossoms evermore, continuously, with myriads of lovely infants, which day by day unfold until they drop off the white petals of negative innocence, and year by year, as fruits, they grow and ripen for eternity; and once an age there grows a great "apple of gold," which posterity put in the "silver pictures" of history for the benefit of coming ages.

Such a fruit was Daniel Webster, the generous wine of whose great mind shall revive, and exhilarate, and nourish the nations, long after this generation shall have ceased to scowl at the acrid verjuice of this sermonizer.

We have taken a long time to pull this flower of rhetoric in pieces. In fact, it was rather awkward to take hold of, because of its many salient incongruities.

One would have thought that common observation would have taught him that the *fruit* is the end or purpose of the productive process, as the apple, the nut, and the wheat, which is itself a seed and fruit alike. But the secret of the whole trouble lies in the fact that he is fond of the *showy*, and must needs incumber his metaphor by lugging in that much abused posy, the aloe. His rhetoric inevitably provokes the epithet "sophomorical."

But we pass on. Some ways down the page, we come to the following observation: "Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great." As an offset to this, we will merely remark that even the sea serpent, of Nahant, is only long, not thick!

On page fourth peeps out the "one idea" which underlies the whole of this man's philosophy. It appears in these three words, "the Eternal right," which shibboleth of this noparty man's party is, being by that party interpreted, "the freedom of the negro;" but which, reasoning ab-

stractly, might just as well be rendered, "the freedom of malefactors, lunatics, infants, idiots, and all persons whatsoever, whether their own good, the good of the family, the good of society, the good of a nation, the good of the whole world requires them to be kept in restraint for the present, or not.

It is easy to show what this "eternal right" is, however.

It is, "to act from the ruling motive of love to God and his creatures," and this motive no more rules Theodore Parker, to judge by his discourses, which are "full of malice and all uncharitableness," than it does the veriest "Legree" that ever blasphemed human nature on a cotton plantation. The fact is, that the reviewer, even in this apparently cruel castigation, is only carrying out his own ideas of universal good will, and acting up to the proverb, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

Strange as it may appear to a man of one idea, it is confidently claimed that all the love of God and his creatures does not reside in I, my, me, Theodore Parker, the ipse dixitizer of fallacious propositions, vile accusations, and inapt similes.

Those who have read the production herein under review, or even our extracts, will justify severity in the case; for a thing so brimming full of evidence, that its author is in the "gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity," does not out-black the blackness of the ink which it perverts; and Theodore Parker is so encased like an oyster in his shell of self-conceit, that nothing but the point of an unscrupulous knife will stand a chance of opening him to the light of common decency. We have undertaken this task, and we are bound to pry open the bivalves if the knife does not break, so "by the grace of God," the reader's interest in common justice, and our

own desire to do good in our day and generation, he shall not be "spared for his crying."

On page sixth, he says, "Little boys in the country working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks."

God has so constituted us that we cannot permanently profit by any such help in our "stints." The muscles of the arm will never grow and harden by the exercise of a proxy. The only true philosophy of life is to do each one his own work, every one in his proper sphere. He who has the great arm let him strike the heavy blow; he who has the nimble foot let him run the swift race; he who has the great head let him think the great thought. Let the great brother take care of the little brother, and let the little brother, whether an individual, or a race, be content to be taken care of until he too becomes a big brother. But by all means let no little brother "let his angry passions rise," because all little brothers must be kept under guardianship until they can take care of themselves, and make upward and onward progress, instead of falling backward into moral debasement and physical imbecility. And especially let not the high-strung little brother of one family meddle with the domestic concerns of another family, and because some little brothers get whipped, deny the propriety of keeping the little brothers under guardianship. And most especially of all, let not that high-strung little brother abuse the biggest brother of us all, because being great and tall, he saw things which the little brother could not see without being *boosted* up on the great brother's mighty shoulder.

Another quotation. "But it is not quite so easy to

recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, — infidel, atheist, blasphemer, hypocrite. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity."

The above is very easy of interpretation. Those who have been familiar with the public performances of the author of the Discourse will very readily understand who it is that, having been long called infidel, hypocrite, etc., is now in fear of martyrdom, and expects at some future day, "Heaven save the mark!" the honors of *apotheosis!* This man has now for these ten years been taking his expected posthumous glory by anticipation, in regular weekly instalments, as a part of his stipend from the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston," and of late with freesoil-party-press incense thrown in. *He* in advance of the age! He is merely befuddled with what he thinks to be intelligence "in advance of the mails." Let him take to heart the lesson of the poet,

> "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
> There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again!"

As to digging up the old cross of even the humblest martyr, to crucify this man upon, it would be a desecration. The only cross which comes to mind as at all appropriate to his case, is the one which bore the malefactor that railed upon our Saviour; but even that would be disgraced by it, for the malefactor was made a railer by suffering, but this man by an overweening vanity.

We come now to another rich specimen of rhetorical

logic. Says the sententious sermonizer, "Any man can measure a walking-stick, — so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and Altai." A decent illustration if true, but lacking the salt of truth; although it may answer for off-hand preaching, it won't bear keeping between covers, and should not have been hazarded in printer's ink.

A walking-stick and a mountain are measured on precisely the same mathematical principles, and the intellect that can get at the height, thickness, or solid contents of a walking-stick, with its minute irregularities of carved head, tassel-hole, and tapering ferule, not to speak of a Niagara hickory stick, with its hooked top and numerous nodes, can get at the same particulars in respect to a mountain, give him *time* enough: the principle is the same, and so this walking-stick simile must go along with the "blossom."

In the hope that Mr. Parker may be persuaded to amend his style, we insert the following specimens, in which Parker and Shakespeare may be compared in the matter of manner and originality.

"Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day."

> "See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
> As doth the blushing discontented sun,
> From out the fiery portal of the east;
> When he perceives the envious clouds are bent,
> To dim his glory and to stain the track
> Of his bright passage to the occident."

Is it possible that the preacher leaves out quotation marks on purpose? "Pales her ineffectual fires" is very like an old acquaintance, and "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," which we find a little further on in the Discourse, has a singularly familiar sound to those who

learned to read in Murray's English Reader. The omission of the proper marks is unfortunate to say the least.

Again a quotation. "It is a false great man often gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson."

The application of the above is so obvious, that one cannot claim any merit in calling attention to it. When a coat is so apparent a fit to a back that is *unique* and *outrè* in its deformities, it need not be tried on to find out for whom it is adapted.

Here comes another mess of mixed metaphor, which might be pardonable in the heat of extemporizing, but what shall we say of it as a deliberate part and parcel of a much lauded discourse upon the death of Daniel Webster, revised and corrected for the press by the author?

"Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hard-mouthed donkey, besmouched with mire and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new-lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and his singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky."

Not exactly "with the tenderness of woman's love," but certainly with the justice of a lover of good rhetoric, we would suggest that the discourser should not let his great thoughts so run away with him, but get discretion to assist him to "hold them in and let them trot." First he gives us Mr. Jingle, in appropriate and laughable style. So far, good; he is on terra firma with his metaphor, and seems quite at home with the donkey and the muddy road; but when he rises into the sky, he cuts a curious "figure."

If it was John Milton's "proper motion" to fly like a swan, all that can be said is that he flew very awkwardly,

and showed a very homely pair of black legs! The swan is beautiful and graceful when floating on the surface of the stream, but a goose can beat him in flying all hollow. When Theodore gets through botany, and has a sufficient acquaintance with "blossoms," a course of natural history would not hurt his rhetoric.

The "figure" shows the marks of a good deal of carpentering, and all because he would persist in scaring up the swan from the stream, where she was floating so buoyantly, to trail her awkward paddles and penfeathers through the atmosphere.

It is quite evident that when he started out the "donkey," he had his eye on another quadruped, the winged courser, Pegasus, whom the muses, from time immemorial, have kept at livery for the use of aspiring mortals when they "had a desire to rise higher," and career through cloudland to hexametric, pentametric, and other thoroughpaced measures. But the swan was pressed into the service instead, and made to perform in the aerial hippodrome of this rhetorical Franconi.

It is very plain that, having thus sent Milton out of sight, the preacher thought he had "done about enough for glory," in this particular line, for he immediately takes a new tack.

On pages ninth and tenth, he says, "Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York, or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, and to human welfare, — he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of

truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks thy 'kingdom come!'"

It has been seen of what stuff this man's rhetoric is made. Here is a specimen of his logic. A more perfect instance of the *non sequitur* can scarcely be found. The professor of rhetoric is already furnished; — here is a rich godsend to the professor of logic. How it follows that because the merchant must watch the markets to make money, and the politician watch politics to get office, that the minister must watch Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, particularly, may be "as clear as mud." Can anybody see it?

We reverence the priestly office, and him who is a true minister to the souls of his fellow men, and would not say a word in disparagement of *them*, but we cannot help seeing how much more appropriate it would be to this pseudo minister, this pseudo martyr, this pseudo *second Christ*, for such he aspires to be thought, if he had followed out his comparison as he began it, and, after making out the merchant and the politician to be wholly mercenary, treating all alike, he had made out the minister to be mercenary also. Instead of his present *non sequitur*, the following *sequitur* is at least in agreement with the rest of the argument. "A minister (one of them at least) watches the religious market, and carefully notes the fluctuations of popular sentiment. He marks in what article there is the *least competition*, because he intends to get a living by trading in such theological 'notions' as he can get the most profit from, and in which he can do the most business on the smallest capital."

So much for this specimen of logic; yet we shall find, further on, that this metaphor mangling logic bruiser has the puerile audacity to say that Daniel Webster was not a *reasoner!* "We must deny him the great reason"(!)

He has an evident taste for posies; — on page eleventh he says, "Hancock and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson, — each was a childless *flower*." But as if to make the absurdity more glaring, he uses the word fruit in a single instance, a little further on, where he says, "Here and there an American family continues to bear famous *fruit*." This is an occasion too good to be lost, and he slips in a compliment to a leader of the free-soil party — this *noparty* man — in these terms: —

"A single New England tree, rooted" where? "far off in the Marches of Wales," this *New England* tree! "is yet green with life, though it has twice *blossomed* with presidents."

It is to be doubted whether the free-soil descendant of two presidents will thank him for insinuating that his father and grandfather being only *flowers* not *fruit*, he himself is as yet only a *bud*. However, there is no knowing what he may come to yet, if Theodore Parker shall continue to "dig about and dung" him.

It is to be hoped that by the time he has blossomed into the third president of the family, and like his venerated predecessors, has dropped off of the tree, and this discourser shall be called upon to deliver the eulogy, his "flowers" of rhetoric will have developed into "fruits of sense," or at least will not be as they are now, the unmistakable botanical evidence that their producer is poisonous.

There seems to be no end to this author's perversions. He says "Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant, died and left no sign," meaning no children. In the original author it reads "makes no sign" and occurs in a scene where a dying man is speechless, and those about him wish to know the state of his mind. "He dies and makes no sign!" The fact is, it seems to be a common trick with this "juggler" whom "a Guinea

negro" would be to take "a greater man than Franklin," see Discourse, page 6, to use words in such a way as to get the advantage of their *prestige* in the reader's mind, yet give the original author no credit.

On page 12 we find the following: "A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, — the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe and treads his master under his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round." This is at first view a plausible comparison, — very striking, but like all of this author's *great things* it is "lath and plaster," and will not bear examination. A "great mind" is no mere embodiment of brute force, employed like an elephant by the commander, but he is himself a *leader*, and never "turns round" unless some of the *little minds* behind him get to thinking themselves great, and so attempt to injure the commander, and lead the army astray. Then indeed he "turns round" with a vengeance, and there is havoc and consternation among the Allens, the Ingersolls, the Manns, and the Parkers, — they lose henceforth their power to injure, and their corporalships together.

The following is quoted as a curiosity of modest self-appreciation, — mark the *I's*. "Hence *I* spoke of Dr. Channing whose word went like morning over the continent. Hence *I* spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not *fear* to point out every error *I* thought *I* discovered in the great man's track which ended so proudly in the right;" (that is in free-soil;) "and *I* did homage to all the excellence *I* found though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence *I* spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man but available, and accidentally in a great station."

The discourser winds up his preliminary remarks as follows: —

"So much, my friends, and so long," and we will venture to put in so *narrow* and so *shallow* "as preface to this estimate of a great man."

CHAPTER V.

HIS NARRATIVE.

"O, while you live tell truth and shame the devil." SHAKESPEARE.

We come now to the narrative portion of the Discourse, and review the first brief sketch with a feeling of relief—for a wonder there are several pages that are nearly unexceptionable. In reading it the heart is warmed with a glow of admiration at the worthy example which the early years of Daniel Webster's life present for the benefit and imitation of the young men of America. Even the author of the Discourse comes in for a share of kindly approval, and were we not aware of his besetting sin, the love of producing an effect, we should even in this review award him a meed of praise; but when a little further on he opens upon him with the fell intent of making it appear that the noblest part of his reputation belongs to another, our loathing returns in greater force than ever, and we feel that we have left the "*flowery*" fields of metaphor where the deadly nightshade "blossoms" flourish in the mockery of beauty, only to advance into the noisome den where its poison is distilled, and concentrated for the murderer's use.

It is in vain to try to alter the current of our commentary. Even here in the simple narrative occur some

characteristic specimens in the flower and figure line. On the seventeenth page we read, "Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place."

If the discourser can point out any particular and *peculiar* resemblance between the school and the ark of the Lord, he would do the world a favor to give it in some future discourse. The only resemblance herein alluded to seems to be their mutual *movability*, and that resemblance is shared with Obed Edom's "new cart;" see 2 Samuel, chapter 6, beginning at the third verse, and the simile might just as logically be made to read thus, "a movable school that new cart." If he had said a school which, like the ark of the Lord, was moved from place to place until a fitting permanent resting-place was prepared for it, the figure would do well enough; but to make the one the actual unqualified representative of the other, and their names synonymous, requires that they be more nearly identical than a school and the ark of the covenant appear to be. Possibly the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society have had their minds enlarged to the extent of a full appreciation of the resemblance, but the New Music Hall in Boston will not hold us all, and if we are mistaken in the criticism, the point is really worthy of a separate discourse. Will not the "minister, etc." take it into consideration?

Further on we fall in with another characteristic metaphor. He says, "But Mr. Wood had small Latin, and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider

to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help."

The above "gem of purest ray serene" must have cost the diver at least ten years' shortening of his natural life to bring it up from its "dark unfathomed cave," and the reader is exhorted to admire it accordingly. To mix the metaphor a little by way of adaptation to the subject, this chimeratic eructation from a weak and dyspeptic mental stomach, this conceit conceited, not conception conceived, this rhetorical Macduff, not born, but ripped out by carelessness or misdemeanor, with "the mother's mark" of the clouds and the cow yard upon it, half eagle, half cider barrel, is intended to illustrate the fact that Daniel Webster could learn Latin and Greek with but little external assistance, while somebody else had a hard time of it with a regular ox-team to help him! Dan is the eagle plain enough, but who upon earth is the cider barrel? Out with it, Theodore; is it *you?* No, that cannot be, for you are a teetotaller, and besides it is evident by this time that you don't hold much more than a pint. The question must lie over for the next issue of not Putnam's Monthly, but Parker's Weekly, when we shall no doubt be enlightened upon the profound speculation, "have we an intellectual cider barrel amongst us?"

There is now and then a good metaphor in this "Discourse," but it is a remarkable fact that they are only to be found where by accident a *truth* has been embodied. Take for instance this, on page 16.

"The mother, one of the 'black Eastmans,' was quite a superior woman. It is often so. When *virtue leaps high in the public fountain* you seek for the lofty spring of *nobleness*, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets." So then "*virtue*"

did "leap high in the public fountain," that is the *breast* of *Webster*, after all! What contradiction! Mr. Parker let this stand in the "pamphlet" because he thought it did him credit as a writer. It is one of his miserable *affectations* after all.

After this brief notice of Webster's early youth, the author goes on to mention, with some short comments, the most prominent public incidents in his life, and continuing, gives the chronology of his various calls to public stations, calling this a condensed map of his outward history, after which he says,

"Look next at the headlands of his life."

Up to this time the hostile intentions of the preacher have not been openly disclosed; but then follows the most direct, determined, and diabolically reckless attack that the Discourse contains. An attack that seems to have been conceived in a wanton disregard of rational consideration and impartial inference.

No wonder that Theodore Parker says, on page 82, "We must deny to Mr. Webster the great Reason!" He is not constituted for an appreciation of "the great Reason." He knows not how to lay the foundation of an argument. His Archimedean lever with which he vainly imagines he moves the world, when he merely sways his own coterie, not only lacks the *point d'appui*, the stable fulcrum, but is indeed no Archimedean lever at all, but only the showman's "long pole," with which, projected from *himself*, and having no other *purchase*, he stirs up the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston," and when the New Music Hall reverberates their growls of applause,* he thinks it is an earthquake.

To build a building, one must have a foundation. It

* When the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society are pleased, they laugh aloud, and when they particularly approve the sentiment, they applaud in the style of the pit of a theatre.

will not do to *assume* the basis of an argument. Theodore Parker assumes that slavery, *per se*, is wrong,—he argues among other things, from that assumption, that Daniel Webster told a three hours' lie, in the Senate Chamber, on the seventh of March, 1850. In this he is like Sindbad the Sailor, who, with his companions, landed on a whale's back, assuming it to be an island; but when they had got their fires well to burning, the whale dove, and they all went under. So Parker and his crew have landed on ungrounded sentiment, that is "very like a whale." They have got together a good deal of drift-wood, waifs and estrays on the flood of error, and are assaying to make a beacon light with their rubbish, for the benefit of mariners; but when the fire has got well to burning, and the monster's thick cuticle begins to fry, we shall see them all submerged; and while the fishy affair they assumed to be so solidly grounded goes downward out of sight, they'll all be seen paddling for dear life.

Having received a wholesome lesson, it is to be hoped that they will make some point o the mainland, where their lives may be prolonged to warn others not to make an island of a whale's back.

Daniel Webster was remarkable for the breadth and solidity of the foundation of his argument. So far from mistaking some monster of ocean for an island, and using it as such, he never took so small a position as an island. He used a continent at least, often a hemisphere, and sometimes the four quarters of the globe, as his foundation. Keeping this fact in view, we quote the entire attack upon his fame as a constitutional jurist, and, allowing all the facts put forth in it, (of whose truth we neither know nor care to know,) we take the broad ground that they prove nothing.

We quote Discourse, page 22: "I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a

lawyer, — as an 'expounder of the Constitution.' Unfortunately (!) it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication of the correspondence between those gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still, much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth (!) during personal interviews, and that must forever remain hidden from all but him who gave, and him who took." (How peurile must this appear to those who knew Daniel Webster! Does any one believe that in their intellectual barter, Daniel Webster went away in debt even to such a man as the erudite Story? "*Par nobile fratrum*" — they each gave and each took of the other what seldom comes from human lips. Happy would it have been for Mr. Parker if he could have picked up even the "crumbs that fell" from their rich table, albeit no Lazarus in any thing but his present destitution.) "However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. (!) (One would suppose a dry bucket would scarcely hold water even from another man's well. He should have said *well* instead of bucket, but his rhetoric is incorrigible.) Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder," (where is Jupiter *Tonans* all this time? "in thunder, lightning, or in rain," all is one to our rhetorician. When will "the chair" at Cambridge be vacant?) "for his speeches and private rain for his own public tanks of law." (Even that is better than to expectorate upon the public as Mr. Parker does.) The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. (Mr. Webster had business enough to have employed a good many in getting his cases ready

for him.) He went on this aquilician business, asking aid, now in a bankruptcy bill in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of the law of nations in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the north-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and if you furnish them I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly for the next three months." (Well, what if he did? does it follow, because Story sometimes furnished lights that Daniel Webster had no eyes? Does it follow that a man does not see, because another man sells him the best winter strained oil?) And again, July 16, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" (Story was a regular legal whale it seems, with a head full of the best kind of spermaceti!) "But alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the higher law." "Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith, in the previous trial of the case."

This attack on Webster's fame as a constitutional lawyer, reminds one of a silly ram butting a boulder of granite. It does not hurt the boulder, but the animal recoils with a half summersault that lands him on his back.

We commend to our author for a warning, the example of the pertinacious piece of mutton we read of, whose

master, determined to cure the vicious animal of enacting such frequent battery, hung up a billet of wood under a tree, and leaving the *vir gregis* butting away at sundown with commendable and pains-taking perseverance, repaired to the scene at sunrise the next day, and found the animal all used up but the tail, and that was travelling back and forth like a weaver's shuttle. What we wish our author to take particular notice of, is the fact, that the billet of wood does not appear to have sustained any material injury, but the animal was evidently "*in extremis.*"

It is well known that Daniel Webster was remarkable for his faculty of getting just the right kind of information from the right kind of men. He did not pretend to know every thing intuitively, — no truly great man pretends it. He had the good sense to gather materials from their proper sources. He could, doubtless, have got at truth, even from Theodore Parker, by his skill in the *reductio ad absurdam.* He loved to converse with what are called *common men,* not only about common things, but public affairs, and political principles. His neighbors in Marshfield know about that. He did not shut himself up as closely as an oyster in a shell of self-conceit, and reason of the universal world from a grain or two of sand that was inclosed in it; nor yet, like the spider, did he spin a web from his own private and peculiar abdomen. He asked, and he received of others.

He was an architect, not a dealer in bricks, and granite, and lime, — in lumber, and nails, and paint. He obtained his materials of those who could best furnish them. He had not time to do every thing, — his mind had no opportunity to go into minute details, but was he any less the architect?

Does Nicholas govern Russia? It is supposed that he

does; but by and by Theodore Parker will be travelling that way, and come across a letter of his, inquiring how large an amount of powder there is at Cronstadt, and then he will proclaim that the keeper of the public powder in Cronstadt is emperor of all the Russias, and not this much-talked-of Nicholas.

Grant that Mr. Justice Story, whose fame is the priceless property, and one of the noblest honors of America, did give Daniel Webster much information upon international and other departments of law; did not Coke, and Littleton, and Blackstone, and Vattell give much information to Mr. Justice Story? and will any one pretend, because he availed himself of all the sources of legal and juridical information, posthumous or contemporary, to which he could gain access, that any one of Joseph Story's masterly argumentary juridical decisions was any the less his own?

It is not the material, but the combination of material that makes the argument.

Away, then, with this most preposterous pretence of doubt as to Daniel Webster's merit as a constitutional advocate and lawyer; and away, too, with this denier of "the great Reason," who does not argue, but *blunders*, that Daniel Webster was not really the "Expounder of the Constitution." Let him get off betimes from the slimy, slippery back of his anti-slavery whale, before his beacon fire burns into the quick, and he is submerged;—let him scramble into his shallop; hoist sail; ply oar; and hasten to plant himself upon the solid "world" which Webster "bestrides like a colossus;" let him betake himself to some good professor of rhetoric and logic, in a favorable place for botanical observation; and, if he can get a chance, support himself meanwhile, by hiring out to feed and stir up the animals for some keeper of a zoological garden, and so learn the use of metaphor, the chopping

of logic, the fructification of flowers, and the difference between the Black Swan and the poet's Pegasus.

But if, after all, he should prove naturally incapable of proper instruction, and should emerge upon the disgusted world with his old stock of "blossoms," and "donkeys," and "movable schools," and "cider barrels," then, for the benefit of the rising generation portion of the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society," for whose rhetoric and logic we have a kindly regard, we hereby publicly offer our friendly aid, that this literary ape may no more climb the rhetorical pole without having his "unprotected parts"* of speech properly cared for. We will be his Jupiter Pluvius, and sprinkle his "blossoms" from all unseemliness, while he remains "*sub tegmine fragi*," or if that gives him too much *umbrage* we will take him *supra nimbum* until the shower is over, and "Jupiter Tonans" shall never divulge it, so much as by a single thunderclap.

If this does not suit him, and he continues to transgress, we will enter suit against him in the name of the Muses, for a trespass upon Parnassus, in tramping over the flower-beds in jack-boots, and hitching his hobby-horse to the columns of the temple of Fame.

One of the worst features of this attack on Mr. Webster, is the hypocrisy manifested. Mr. Parker laid his plan very deep, as he thought. He begins by a deliberate endeavor to create the impression, that he loved and admired Daniel Webster, that he might gain a position in the reader's mind from which he could administer his poison the more effectually; but, notwithstanding his artfulness, his internal nature will poke out its snake-head, now and then, prematurely. He begins the work of detraction, by craftily assuming to pity Webster's sad deficiencies in accurate scholarship. He follows with an at-

* See Discourse, page 80.

tack on his legal fame. He goes on insidiously to awaken the prejudices of democrats, by artfully holding him up as a red-hot, anti-patriotic federalist, quoting from newspapers the most virulent expressions he can lay hold of, endeavoring all the while to give the impression that these are Mr. Webster's sentiments, and in fact winding up a list of vile extracts, abusive of the democrats, by saying in so many words, "such was the language of Mr. Webster, and the party he served." To make this barefaced misrepresentation appear in all its unscrupulous malignity, we will quote Theodore Parker's language in full, that the reader may see how much of the language he quotes is from Mr. Webster. We begin on page 29. Let the reader look for himself, and see if our extract is fairly made, and includes all it purports to include. We quote from the Discourse.

"Said a leading federal organ, 'The Union is dear; commerce is still more dear.' 'The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their commerce.'

"With the federalists there was a great veneration for England. Said Mr. Fisher Ames, 'The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in British oak.' 'Our country,' quoth he, 'is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty.' 'England,' said another, 'is the bulwark of our religion,' and the 'shield of afflicted humanity.' A federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as 'enemies of England and monarchy,' and accused the democrats of 'antipathy to kingly power.' Did democrats complain that our prisoners were ill treated by the British, it was declared 'foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government!' Americans expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton — burning houses and violating the women. Said the federal newspapers, 'It is

impossible that their (the British) military and naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.'" (Did any of these papers, Mr. Parker, ever say that any particular person was "HONEST," "OPEN, ENGLISH; NOT YANKEE!") "Mr. Clay accused the federalists of 'plots that aimed at the dismemberment of the Union,' and denounced the party as 'conspirators against the integrity of the nation.'

"In general, the federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an 'incidental evil.' 'Great Britain,' said the Massachusetts legislature, 'has done us no essential injury: she was fighting the battles of the world.' They denied that she had impressed 'any considerable number of American seamen.' *Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served.*"

There are the extracts,— there is the closing assertion. Will it be credited that Mr. Parker had not quoted one single, solitary word, syllable, or letter from Mr. Webster when he says, "Such was the language of Mr. Webster?" Such is indeed the fact. Is it too severe in view of this to say that "the truth is not in him?" If so, what *additional* amount of misrepresentation would be necessary to make the application just?

Fortunately for this traducer of the dead, he is amenable to no "council."* But there is a council that will take cognizance of this matter—the council of a discriminating public. Hereafter let Mr. Parker stand up to teach religion at his peril. Who will sit and hear him?

*Mr. Parker was *self-installed* over the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society.

Four more entire pages are devoted to this subject of federalism, and extract on extract quoted from newspapers, and speeches of distinguished partisans, upon the democratic side, all calculated to give the reader the impression that the man who could be so savagely vituperated must have been a monster of political iniquity: and this precious *omnium gatherum* is spread out over these four pages of this Discourse, for the sole purpose, as he naively remarks, and *repeats* the remark, of what does the reader suppose? Why this: "I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times." He does, really! We do all understand the temper of those times, and, in addition, we fully understand the temper of the abhorrent *ghoul* who thus roots up the filth of the buried past, to foul with it the sacred grave of the recent dead. The *grave* of the dead? Nay, worse. The dead man, when he began the Discourse, was not yet buried. It was to defile with it the coffin and the shroud, nay, even the very flowers which a sad household then were strewing as the fragrant tribute, typical of a wife's holy love, and an only son's affection. In view of this horrid profanation, we are impelled to say with Cassio, "If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — *devil!*"

In the entire eight pages which are devoted to the subject of Mr. Webster's relations to federalism, there is *one single quotation* from Mr. Webster himself! Believe it or not, — look for yourselves, — only one single quotation! This quotation we give, that the height and the depth, and the length and the breadth, of Mr. Webster's offending, even in those times, when everybody else was taxing the English language to the uttermost to enrich their vituperative vocabulary, may be fully apparent.

Here follows the solitary quotation: "I honor," said he, "the people that shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and

humanity dictate, and such as none but *cannibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart."

On page 35 we are introduced to the discourser's grand hobby, his *cheval de bataille*, the "slavery question." How he could have loitered so long in the rhetorical *parterre* among the "blossoms," while that redoubtable steed, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight," stood by the horse-block, neighing for his rider, is indeed a wonder, for the discourser's place is decidedly in the saddle, and not among the flowers. When settled in the seat, his toes in the stirrups, and his long pole in rest, he is a regular moral Paladin, or, bating that, a Don Quixotte at least. For a Sancho Panza to match, the reader may take his pick among abolition editors.

But, after all, we find he has not yet mounted,—he merely called the horse by name to silence his neighings, and pacify him for a little longer. He occupies some pages more with brief glances at Mr. Webster's public life, retailing some things, omitting others, and keeps up a running accompaniment of innuendo, insinuation, and sometimes direct accusation, with now and then an imputation upon his honor and honesty. The object of all this is perfectly plain. He is trying to enlist his hearers and readers against Mr. Webster, that, when he finally gets on horseback, he may run him down with the full approbation of all concerned, and his *hobby-horse* get the glory of the victory.

Is he sly in this? Is he crafty? this theologian—this "stand-by-for-I-am-holier-than-thou" philanthropist, who monopolizes all the *honesty*, and allows none to Daniel Webster?

We would seriously say to honest men of the same political party with this minister, are you willing to trust such an evident trickster? Are the elements of even common honesty in him? Will you allow him to make

a bridge of this Discourse from the rostrum of the New Music Hall in Boston to any political office? He means to use you by and by.

Are the seeds of greatness in him?

If they are they "blossom" at times with some queer looking "flowers," and we look in vain for fruit.

Let it be here fully understood that we blame no man for an honest opinion, and a fair expression of it; nor for open, undisguised hostility, displayed in subordination to the ordinary decencies of life. It is natural that men should differ — differ widely — sometimes, in this world, irreconcilably, and we blame no man for it. If this man, Theodore Parker, had used no unfairness — been guilty of no mean subterfuges — outraged no man's feelings by indecent expressions, we would never have opened our mouth in any thing but pure argument, even though he had treated Daniel Webster's character with thrice triple severity. With Dr. Johnson, we "like an honest hater," and respect him too; but we neither like, nor respect, a mean, sneaking, canting hypocrite who "takes a man by the beard" as if to kiss him, and then "stabs him under the fifth rib." With honest Mercutio we can't help saying of such an enemy,

"Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!"

In referring to Webster's Reply to Hayne there was opportunity, if Theodore Parker had any desire for such an opportunity, to have said something in hearty praise of the man, but that did not suit, either his disposition, or his general design. In this part we plainly discern the preacher's hostility to the Union — his leaning towards nullification. Perhaps this Pilate of Massachusetts will make friends, and strike hands with some Herod of South Carolina, on this question. The result of such

conjunction might bear some resemblance to the "figures" with which this "Discourse" is adorned.

In the matter of the "Ashburton Treaty," so called, it has been seen that Theodore Parker has the conceited impertinence, in his last edition, to deny Daniel Webster any credit whatever! See extracts.

Verily, it is high time to send Theodore to Congress; he evidently knows more than anybody else on the "great questions." "He is the man; wisdom will die with him." Let us make haste and secure his services before "Death," who "loves a shining mark," shall deprive us of the privilege.

When we all know that the English press abounded in expressions to the effect that "the great Yankee had overreached, and outwitted Ashburton," and caricatures were published in London representing the same thing, we shall not need to trouble ourselves with this yelp of depreciation from the rostrum of the New Music Hall, which never would have appeared in print if its author had been nine days old in political knowledge and understanding. Let him get his eyes open before he begins to be dogmatic on a great question like that.

When any persons whose opinions in matters of statesmanship are of any consequence accept the views of Theodore Parker on this treaty matter, it will be time enough to treat this attack seriously. Until that fabulous period we leave his argument untouched, and pass on to his closing flourish of rhetoric, at which we pause a moment; for his benefit and that of our schoolboys. We quote: "After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842 in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned or affected to scorn the littleness of

party, and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power."

It is with unfeigned reluctance that we meddle with this metaphor. We would have much rather let it stand, for it escapes as it were by a mere half inch being truly magnificent—worthy of the subject, worthy of the occasion. But it must be done. The knife must go into this gas-bag, and down must he come without even a parachute to break his fall. We hope and trust, if it does not break his neck, it will teach him to fly in a safe and proper manner hereafter, or else remain below, which latter is the course we would recommend to him.

We pass over the dubious question of the propriety of impending "*thunder*," which he uses instead of thundercloud, because he wanted to use cloud again in the next line, and proceed to remark that it is a well established fact that "ground-lightning" makes no *noise*, and therefore it is a blunder to represent Webster as *thundering* "ground-lightning" into a cloud. Many a man has seen a thunderbolt dart downward to the earth, and heard the deafening thunder; but who has ever seen a thunderbolt go *up into a cloud* with any similar explosion?—and if they have seen it, did it seem to hurt the cloud? The fact is, to treat this matter good-naturedly, it wont do at all, Theodore. It is contrary to nature. Yes, contrary to the classic writers also. You have read the classical

dictionary, Mr. Parker,— you know some Latin and some Greek. You are aware that Jupiter, *Olympian* Jupiter, had a seat up aloft, and when he was in ill humor used to discharge his wrath and his thunderbolts together upon mortals below; while deep in the bowels of mother earth old Vulcan had set up his forge, Mount Ætna was his chimney, and there he forged the thunderbolts for the Father of gods and men: but do you think that Jupiter would ever have tolerated the carelessness of having the new thunderbolts *shot* up into the Olympian regions, with *Olympian* noise and "power?" No, no. He would have had Juno and the young ones about his ears incontinently if he had. You must acknowledge it would look *careless*. But Vulcan knew better. The "lame Lemnian" had an eye to business, and, when he had a quantity sufficient for a load, he sent them up quietly on a dumb waiter!

Seriously, the mythology of the ancients embodies a good deal of philosophical truth in figurative language. Just imagine Olympian Jupiter standing down below upon the ground, and throwing his thunderbolts upward at the clouds! The hidden cause of the discourser's failures in the figure line is to be found in his fondness for the sonorous, in consequence of which he sometimes gives us "*vox et preterea nihil*." "Great ground-lightning sounded so well in his ear, that he either, in his admiration of the noise it made, forgot to examine into its correctness, or, which is more probable, from his repeated blunders of that sort, did not know any better.

He criticise Daniel Webster! He deny the "great reason!"

It is recommended as a step to the improvement of his style, that he peruse the Eulogies of Everett, Hillard, Sanborn, and Choate upon the subject of this Discourse. Let him, in those beautiful tributes to the great departed, find, if he can, any donkeys and swans — eagles and cider

barrels — blossoms and ground-lightning, or any other "unprotected parts" of speech.

If he would improve his reasoning faculties, let him study the congressional speeches of Webster, Everett, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Buchanan, etc., and learn from them to exercise comprehensive reason, and the severity and simplicity of legitimate logic and rhetoric. Bronze and gilt may do for "The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society," but the Senate of the United States discards every thing but genuine bullion.

If he must continue to be *flowery*, let him study Shakespeare, who makes a kingly "progress," scattering his glittering coinage as a monarch scatters "largess;" all pure gold with the legal stamp of genius on it, not the fallacious "brass of the property-man," with no recognizable stamp at all.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE HIGHER LAW."

"*All discord, harmony not understood;*
All partial evil, universal good." — POPE.

FROM the forty-ninth page to the end, the "Discourse" is devoted to a consideration of Mr. Webster's course on the slavery question, and the vilest and most indecent abuse of his private character. He is accused of every enormity, and the basest motives unsparingly imputed to him. As all this flows out of Mr. Parker's holy zeal for what he is pleased to term "the higher law," we shall let this portion go, after what has already been said of it,

and *extracted* from it. The reader has already been regaled with some of its "baser parts."

We proceed to give a nutshell statement of our view of "the slavery question," and "the higher law." Before God, we honestly believe as follows: —

It is not wrong *per se* to hold property in human beings.

In all civilized countries, *children* are held as *property* by their parents until they are "of age." Their parents are not required to give them any compensation but food and clothing. The parents can whip them at their discretion, without judge or jury, if no undue severity is exercised. The parents can *sell* them to a master, giving that master all of their own rights except selling again, and our laws recognize this sale as valid and binding until they are twenty-one if males, and eighteen if females.

Will any one deny the propriety of the law on this point? If they do not, then the question of the *abstract right* to hold human beings as *property* is settled. It is right under *proper circumstances* to so hold them and *sell* them.

The question of abstract right being thus plainly settled, the question arises, under what circumstances may human beings be rightfully held as property?

The answer is plain. When the *real good* of those most concerned *requires* it. Will any one dispute this point? If not, let us next inquire whether the *real good* of those most concerned, requires that the negroes at the south, like minors all over the land, should be *held as property?*

We believe that the three millions of negroes at the South are very far in advance of *any three millions* of the country from which they originally came. Will any one undertake to deny that? They are better fed and clothed. Better cared for in sickness and old age. Better instructed in the useful arts of life, and are far higher in

the scale of general intelligence. Better instructed in religion and common virtue. Their moral conduct is *vastly* better than that of their "fetish" worshipping countrymen in Africa, even in the matter of the *marriage relation*, about which so much is said, for in Africa, travellers tell us, there prevails the most *absolute promiscuity*. Will any one deny any thing stated so far?

We believe that the negro of the South, although so much improved, is not *yet* fit for freedom, and would fall back into barbarism, and moral and physical degradation, if now set free. *The emancipation of the negro in the West Indies seems to have been brought about by the providence of God to instruct us in this matter.* Those who feel interested, and who doubt this opinion, are invited to inquire into the matter, and see for themselves. Would it not be wise to look before we leap in this thing? Are we sure that by ill-timed effort, and injudicious agitation, we are not endangering the future welfare of a whole wide continent? That we are not taking measures to prevent the enlightenment and Christianization of Africa? Is not this of importance enough to be looked at?

Does this view militate against the true democratic principle? If so, how is it in regard to minors? Is it contrary to true republicanism to keep *them* under guardianship until they are able to take care of themselves? If not, is it contrary to true democratic principles to keep a *race* under guardianship?

We are capable of self-government, and for *us* it is the only proper form, but is it so all the world over? Look at it full in the face. What do you think?

Have we been doing to the South as *we would be done by* in this matter? Have we approached them in the *proper spirit?* Has our conduct towards them been characterized by *kindness* and *charity?*

We sincerely believe that it would be better for all

concerned if northern Americans would cease to irritate their southern countrymen for some years, and see what result that course would bring about.

In the meanwhile, we believe that it is the duty of our friends and fellow-countrymen at the South to take up the subject seriously, and see if *they* are doing all that can be done for their "little brother," and if there is any thing more that can be done *safely*, and in a wise *prudence* for the inferior race, do it, even if it costs *trouble* and *money*.

We also believe that it is *our* duty, as Americans, to do all that we can to enable our countrymen at the South to carry out the wise and benevolent designs which would be sure to be started, in the fulness of their generous hearts, if we would let them *wholly alone*.

It is our duty to swallow down our prejudices and mistaken pity, even as the tender parent swallows down his rising heart, when called upon by *duty* to go contrary to his tenderest feelings in correcting the faults of his darling child.

Before God, the searcher of all hearts, we believe all this, and we earnestly commend this view of the subject to our candid countrymen. Remember the fable of the sun and the traveller's cloak. Let us no longer bluster fiercely about our southern countrymen, but let us pour upon them the warm and penetrating rays of a genial friendship and a tender regard, and see if they do not relax their hold on their cloak of reserve and resistance, and, in due and proper time, when *they choose*, and when *they think best*, remove it, not torn into rags and tatters by the bitter northern blast, but taken safely and quietly off, and laid carefully by as no longer needed. Then, as fellow-countrymen, we can cordially consult with each other, as to the best course to pursue in view of the eventful past, and the momentous future, in view

of the best interests of the negro, both here and in Africa, of our own race, and the universal brotherhood of mankind.

Our appeal is now to the *real* philanthropist to say if this is not worth the trial. Let human love henceforth prevail, "let brotherly love continue," "and God, even our own God, will give us his blessing."

This is our *conscientious* view of this matter: are our countrymen who have disapproved of the 7th of March speech prepared to deny us the great *fundamental right of conscience?* Are *they* the only ones who have a right to go by "the higher law?" As to Theodore Parker, he scoffs at the Bible — his Discourse has not even the usual preliminary *text* — he scoffs at the entire Christian community, and we do not consider it proper to "cast the pearls" of argument "before swine;" we have put the ring of a thorough exposure in his snout, and now let him root if he *can*.

But we do desire to expostulate, reasonably and calmly, with the honest anti-slavery men. Again we ask, is it well to deny the right of conscience to me, and those who honestly think with me? Did you ever look at this matter in this light before? My conscience, guided by the best instruction my reason can appreciate, inclines me to support the "compromise measures" as the best thing that can be done for the *real* and *permanent good* of all interested. Are you prepared to say that we are all "dishonest," "robbers," "murderers," "man-stealers," and the like? Do you really *believe* that we are sinning against our reason, our conscience, and our own souls in this matter, and that *you only* are obeying the "higher law of God?" Did you ever look at this matter of the "higher law" from this point of view? All we ask is the same freedom of conscience which you yourselves claim.

May we not enjoy it, and yet escape being called by every abusive epithet in the English language?

We leave it for the *candid consideration* of the *honest.*

CHAPTER VII.

CHARACTER OF WEBSTER.

"*He was a man, take him for all in all,*
We shall not look upon his like again." — SHAKESPEARE.

IT is easy to read the character of Daniel Webster.

He was "open as the day," and generous as the sun.

Even his traducer, in his first edition, says he was "open, honest, and above-board"—"if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king."

Nature in giving him great gifts of intellect, and the most generous affections, must needs stint him somewhere; and how did she do it? Let his traducer answer. "*In his generous nature was no taint of avarice.*" He had not even common worldly prudence in mere personal money matters.

In his absence of mind, absorbed in the contemplation of an important case, he has been known to make a stopper for his inkstand of a fifty dollar bill retaining fee!

Meeting once a poor woman in the street, he listened kindly to her tale of wo, and putting his thumb and finger into his vest pocket to give according to his feelings, finding there a single bank note, all he had, he gave, passed on, and left the wondering suppliant gazing after his majestic form, with a bill for twenty dollars in her trembling fingers!

This unthinking generosity made men lavish in their

gifts to *him*. It was as natural for them to give to Daniel Webster, as it is to smile in the answering face of the warm-hearted.

He was exceedingly tender in his feelings. The author of this review, at that time a student, sat near to Daniel Webster in the old meeting-house in Lexington, while that princely orator, Edward Everett, was delivering his oration, on the occasion of removing the bones of "*the slain*," to lay them down in a fitting bed in the shadow of the monument erected to the memory of "the battle." The pew in which we sat was on the side aisle, cornering upon the one where Webster sat, and we often turned to look back at him. The orator proceeded, and we became so much interested in the recital of the events of the "day of Lexington," that we forgot every thing else, until just as Everett had concluded the simple but most affecting narrative of the death of Harrington, who staggered from the field to pour out his heart's blood, and die on his own threshold, at the feet of that wife who was thus cruelly cheated of a last embrace — just at this moment our fellow-student and companion, now, alas! no more, whispered excitedly in our ear, "Just look at 'Old Dan.'" We looked, and there he sat, with the *warm tears* falling fast down those swarthy cheeks, and the broad breast heaving with intense emotion. It was a sight to be laid up to think upon, for a lifetime.

Yet some men say that Daniel Webster was selfish and cold-hearted! It was his fortune to be maligned above ordinary men.

He "wore his" noble "heart upon his sleeve," and "daws pecked at" it continually.

We come now to consider his intellect.

Some men look upon a subject as a squirrel looks upon an acorn, as a thing to put sharp teeth into, that they may swallow the meat. Such a man is the author of the Discourse.

Others, in the acorn, truth, see the oak from which it originated, and the future oak, father of acorns, of which it is the germ, and plant it for the benefit of coming ages. Such a man was Daniel Webster.

Mr. Parker says "he must deny him the great reason."

"Not to know Daniel Webster" as a great reasoner, "argues himself not only unknown," but unknowable as such.

Let us examine this matter. Some men reason as a hound follows the game, with their noses to the ground. They are good upon a scent, but if they lose it they are gone. Others can take in such a comprehensive view, that they see the entire course at one glance.

Mr. Parker's reasoner belongs to the former class.

Daniel Webster belongs to the latter. His comprehension was wonderful.

God does not reason step by step — he *sees*. He has the Infinite Understanding.

In his reason Webster was a finite image and likeness of the Infinite Creator, insomuch that men, being impressed with his wonderful understanding, called him habitually "the godlike Webster." This was because within his finite range of observation, like the Creator in his infinite range of observation, he, in the sublime language of the Scriptures, "could see the end from the beginning!"

Mr. Parker's "denial of the great reason" is precisely the story of Minutius Specius Spectacus and the Colossus. He denies because he is incapable of seeing.

When Daniel Webster spoke, it was always evident that he was master of his subject — master of his audience — master of his adversary; and all because he was *master* of *himself*.

In his *general* power Mr. Webster was like a ship of the line. It took some time for him to "clear for action" —

to wear into position — to bring his guns to bear; — but when all was ready, his broadside was a storm of iron death to all that came within his range. Yet he could not bring his eloquence to bear upon a dinner table, any more than a seventy-four could discharge a broadside into the victualler's "bumboat" that lay close under the bows.

In displaying his *particular* power, to take another illustration, he selected some undisputed fundamental principle, and poised and pivoted on that, this intellectual "long-tom amidships" could send his single all-sufficient shot or shell, point blank, to any distance, and towards any quarter where a foe appeared of consequence enough to "pay for the powder;" and, withal, to borrow the suggestion of a simile from the rich store of our author, it was just as easy for this great gun to thunder, as for Parker's popgun to pop, and decidedly more satisfactory.

So far from lacking the great reason, Webster's reason was so great that it partook of the nature of an instinct.

He was a Columbus in the realms of reason, and when he opened the way to a new world or deigned to set an egg on end, Theodore Parker thought that any one could do the same. Trying it himself in this Discourse, he has discovered nothing but "Noodle's Island," and smashed a bad egg.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RULING PRINCIPLE.

Thy star its Heaven appointed course obeyed.
Nations a record of its orbit made:
And, while the nations live its course shall be
Emblazoned on the life charts of the free.

On page 85 Mr. Parker says of Daniel Webster, "His course was crooked as the Missouri." Truly, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." His course *was* as crooked as the Missouri, and as nobly consistent with the varying interests of the country through which it held on its mighty way. A good comparison truly. He could not have found a better. Let this notable reformer straighten the Missouri!

We commend to Mr. Parker the following quotation from Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein:"

"The way of ancient ordnance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches!
My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes, and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings;
Curves round the cornfield, and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end!"

In considering Daniel Webster's public course, we shall resort to an illustration.

In the order of the heavenly bodies we observe this fact, that all the orbs, superior and inferior, revolve about their particular centres. They all in their proper place gravitate inevitably to that body which, by reason of its

superior size, or its greater proximity, stands in the relation of their greatest immediate attractor. The satellites circle about the planets; the planets, taking their satellites with them, revolve around the sun: the sun, taking his planets and their satellites with him, is wheeling around some central star of our sun's cluster: doubtless our sun's cluster is careering around some mighty orb or other cluster in the unknown realms of space: and the whole universe is said to spiralize around the throne of the Eternal God.

Man in like manner has his attracting centres, some nearer, some more remote. He also obeys that force, which, either by position or by power, is the immediate ruling force.

Suppose, now, we project upon a map the course through infinite space of the satellite, for instance our moon, as it revolves around the primary, the earth, and, in company with the earth, goes around the sun, and, in company with the earth and sun, goes around their central star, and then, in company with the earth, sun, and central star, goes around some central object, and so on, until the vast array of worlds move on their infinite journey round about the throne of God. Did it ever enter the mind of the reader what a complicated series of gyrations the moon goes through in this grand *ballet* of the stars of heaven? Take a sheet of paper, and try to draw the paraboloidal lines her course describes. You begin by placing your pen to the paper at one side, and, while moving your whole hand in a circle, you describe little continuous would-be circles with the fingers, and at the same time walk around the room. This gives a circle consisting of so many manuscript small *e*'s, but then this circle is itself but a single manuuscript *e* of a larger circle, which circle is but the manuscript *e* of a circle larger still, and so on. The fact that all the cen-

tres and all the revolving bodies are in motion together, renders the movement too complicated to conceive of.

Now, to apply this, let a being who could see nothing but the moon, and her course through the heavens, be told that she was obeying strictly the laws which obliged her to revolve around the throne of God. "What!" he would exclaim in indignant astonishment, "do you call that wild, erratic flourishing through the skies a direct and consistent track around the throne of God?"

Again, suppose he should be told, that in all this apparently aimless, giddy circumgyration, the moon was only plodding on her monthly mill-horse journey round about our earth! He would kick at the idea, even as Theodore Parker and his one-view friends and admirers do at the assertion, that Daniel Webster's course in regard to slavery was consistent with the grand central idea of his life, and with precisely the same amount of intelligent appreciation of the matter.

The grand central idea of Daniel Webster's life, to which, when the time of any direct antagonism came, all and any of his other ideas had to bend, in subservience to the laws of God, was the *preservation of the hopes of eventual liberty for all mankind, by insuring the perpetuity of our Union, and our Constitution.*

But in his narrowmindedness and imperfect vision, quite unable to see this comprehensive consistency, Theodore Parker must go out and "bay the moon," because she does not fly from her appointed sphere, and make a bee line for the court of the "higher law!"

It is not pretended that Daniel Webster never changed his views and opinions, however. At one period, honest as he was in his love of his country, and his *whole* country, he even for a short time imagined that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform. It is lucky for him that he did not trust his entire weight upon its flimsy fabric. What if he

did put one foot upon it, like the elephant trying the strength of a bridge before venturing fully upon it? He took that foot off, after demolishing the bridge with its pressure, and on the 7th of March, 1850, contemning all such deceptive assistance, he forded the stream in its deepest part, and drew over everybody worth taking on a raft behind him.

Daniel Webster, thank God, did change as often as he found he had gone out of the way in "following the multitude to do evil," and his latest change will be considered by posterity as the noblest change of all.

Is it a crime to change?
  How criminal are they,
Who from the paths of wickedness
  To virtue change their way!
Consistency 's so bright a jewel,
That to preserve it we must do ill,
And having started wrong, should travel
Staunchly consistent to the devil!

The man that changes oft
  Is termed "a weathercock,"
That veers with every wind; the man
  That's firm is called a rock:
Let those who choose be changeless stones,
Stiff stumbling blocks to break men's bones
While seeking truth; I'd rather show
Which way heaven's blessed breezes blow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VINDICATION.

"*The child is father of the man.*" — WORDSWORTH.

If the motto at the head of this chapter embodies a truth, then would the early years of Daniel Webster give

the lie to the base and treacherous calumniator who wrote the Discourse under review. Even Theodore Parker, in this Discourse, on page 17, says and quotes as follows: —

"Thither," that is to school, "went Daniel Webster, a brave, bright boy." "The child is father of the man." "Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined," says another poet; and we find Daniel Webster, according to the account in this Discourse, "fighting for his education —studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third — this yankee Briareus — to serve as register of deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy." And what did he do all this for? this man whom Theodore Parker accuses of having, in after years, committed the vilest crimes for money to expend in sensuality. Was it to buy oysters and champaigne? No; as Parker himself says, "he used the money thus severely earned to help his older brother Ezekiel — Black Zeke, as he was called — to college." Verily the child is the father of the man.

The reviewer confesses that, albeit, unused to the melting mood, when he first read the simple but affecting statement of those early struggles and their noble object, that tears ran down his face, and if he had reverenced the mighty orator and statesman, he *loved* the brave self-sacrificing youth, and felt a pride he had never known before in his name and his fame, and now that feeling impels him to the work of defending his memory. Thank God! there needs no other book but this very Discourse as a text-book, to defend him from, and out of the mouth of Theodore Parker, shall he himself be condemned, and Daniel Webster vindicated.

It is not pretended that he was faultless. He had his frailties — they make us love him all the more. If he

had been as perfect in morals as he was gigantic in intellect he would have been as a god, and while we reverenced we should not have loved him, for there would have been no sympathy between us. But that Daniel Webster was even *suggestive* of the demon described in this Discourse, is utterly denied, and hissed back into the ears, and hurled back into the teeth and down the throat to the bottom of the heart, of the "whited sepulchre" from which it emanated. Nay, more, one single sabbath morning's occupancy of the New Music Hall in Boston, to stand up calmly, and sleekly, and plausibly, with the fruit of a week's labor in manuscript on the desk, and from it scatter religious *affectations* to excite the audible laughter and applause of the multitude, is worse, and "more to be condemned" in "Heaven's High Chancery" than all the errors Daniel Webster's human frailty ever led him to commit; and there is a righteous retribution in store for him that is guilty of it, for, although he now thinks that he has

"Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,"

he will, before many years, be

——— "But as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded."

Out of his own mouth shall Webster be vindicated. Take this instance. He says, "No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect. Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice." That is, in some case connected with slavery, as his foot-note shows. Now, will anybody that knows any thing of human nature, pretend that it is a likely case, that Daniel Webster plead better for what he knew was wrong than for what he felt to be right?

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He of all other men could not do it. His great force lay in a conviction, that what he said was *true*, and he never failed to carry that conviction to his hearer, as Parker himself confesses. In this firm confidence in his own view of the case lay full as much of his mighty power, as in his clear statement, logical inference, his apt illustration, and his comprehensive grouping; and it was this complete sincerity that gave such terrific force to his invective.

Read Parker's own description of him when in one of his sublime efforts. He says: "When he spoke he was a grand spectacle. His noble form so dignified and masculine, his massive head, the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty, the deep, dark eye which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects far off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth, so full of strength and determination,—these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them more by his will than by his arguments." So says Parker, and we all know it to be true. Now just for a moment imagine this man, Daniel Webster, standing up in the Senate chamber of those United States he loved so well, and *lying*, as deliberately as Parker accuses him of,—aye, as deliberately as I believe before God this same Theodore Parker, in his sleek way, was lying on the holy Sabbath morning next succeeding the memorable day of Daniel Webster's death, to amuse "The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston." We know it was not so by our knowledge of the man, and we know you, Mr. Parker, too well to receive it from you as any thing more than one of the miserable moral affectations, with which your whole being is penetrated, permeated, and pervaded. No unprejudiced mind can critically examine this *performance*,—

this manufacture, — this mere *factition* of yours, without seeing in it plenty of evidence that it is the offspring of a vain heart and a prostituted intellect. Why, the very figures of speech belie you if it is not so. But it is; even your *own* imagination plays you false, treacherously letting out the secrets of your heart; and your misbegotten metaphors are like so many unnatural griffins, half bird, half beast, to suit the distortions of your moral nature. Take this advice — never, as you value your popularity, (I adjure you by your *principal deity*,) venture on a figure of speech again; for as true as you do, the conception will be but a representative form of some moral monstrosity, begotten by some hitherto half concealed iniquitous propensity. What else are those monstrous metaphors, offspring as they are of an unnatural intellect hybridating with some vile, selfish passion, but the disgusting evidence that Nature herself, much as she is said to abhor a vacuum, abhors you even more, and disowning, disinheriting you, lets your intended place in her kingdom go empty, turning you out into that Milton's "Limbo" of the fancy where gorgons grin and phantoms flit in horrid imitation of the realities they simulate.

But it is to be hoped that you will not continue thus forever. Perhaps ere long, awakened to a sense of your inverted condition by the perusal of this review, you will endeavor to exorcise the demons of vanity and affectation that possess you, and hereafter struggle for the promotion of truth and righteousness as intensely as you hitherto have struggled for distinguishment and notoriety. If you do, there is no one who will welcome you into the ranks of the army of truth more sincerely and cordially, than your *real* friend the reviewer, who has endeavored to harrow up your feelings only that he may the more effectually sow in them the seeds of truth, that may grow up and "bring forth the fruits of good living."

Webster was eminently a candid man; always in earnest — sometimes *terribly* in earnest — but alway giving his honest view of the subject under consideration. His feeling was intense, and his great heart sometimes went off in a rapid trip-hammer beat that stunned for a time the loud voice of reason in the workshop of his brain, but even then his forgings were no forgery. There was the stamp of sincerity upon them. Read, for illustration, the extract from his Plymouth Oration, quoted on the forty-ninth and fiftieth pages of "the Discourse."

This extract shows a sentiment of no ordinary strength and depth, and we doubt not that on the 7th of March, 1850, that sentiment was there alive and breathing. But was not the sentiment of paternal love glowing and burning in the heart of Brutus, when he gave his two sons up to the axe of the lictor in obedience to a law more mighty in its claims than that of protection to the "children of his loins," namely, the good of that country of which he was a responsible ruler?

But Parker's philanthropists know nothing of this noble phase of virtue. Bestridden by one idea; wedded to a single sentiment; all the manly marrow, nay the very backbone itself of firm, unwavering, *heroic* philanthropy melted and fretted out of them by the fierce fever of fanaticism and an ill-conditioned peevishness of pity, they spend their breath, and dry up their moisture in sighs and tears over a few fugitive slaves, and, if they could by no other means contrive to save them from the law, they would even set fire to the temple of liberty itself, and, for the safety of a dozen negroes, blast the welfare of a continent for ages.

Out upon such insane tom-foolery of compassion. It is high time that such philanthropic mountebanks were hissed out of the company of men of common sense. But even now a prophetic feeling assures us that their

silly race is almost run, their ravings and "vain babblings" almost over, and soon they will either slip silently away into a welcome obscurity, or turn their envious claws upon each other, and we shall wake up one of these mornings and find nothing left of them but the *tale*.

On pages 26 and 27 we find the following quotation from Webster's first Bunker Hill oration. See how the warm heart's blood of the patriot colors and vivifies the glowing picture.

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

How the great soul of the man speaks out in this thrilling fragment. Even if this was all that should survive to future generations, it would as surely give a clue to the character of Daniel Webster, as the single section of bone in the hands, and under the microscope of Cuvier, enabled that great naturalist to describe the animal to whom it belonged when living. "*Ex pede Herculem.*"

How apposite this exhortation "not to the wish, but to the want" of Theodore Parker and his models. "Let *their* conceptions be enlarged to the circle of *their* duties." Let their object no longer be the negroes, the whole of the negroes, and nothing but the negroes; "but let them extend their ideas over the *whole* of the vast field in which" rational men "are called upon to act," and govern themselves accordingly.

The sentiment of patriotism was the grand centre, next to God, around which all the other sentiments of Webster's being revolved, and this is the grand master-

key to his character and actions. When drawn aside in the moments of a temporary weakness, if such there were, from the immediate sphere of his country's attraction, even then he could have said with all sincerity,

> Still am I true to thee; my transient error
> Is but "the needle's," which doth often turn
> To less attractions, which, though weak, are nearer
> Than its loved star, that doth in heaven burn.

He was nurtured in the love of his country by his noble father, who helped to fight the battles of that country's independence, and even in childhood that sentiment assumed a definite form, appearing visibly in his earliest productions, "growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength," prompting the lofty sentences that fell from his tongue on Bunker Hill, on Plymouth Rock, and in Faneuil Hall: dictating the long ago historical reply to Hayne, and being, in the course of his eloquent life, never more strikingly powerful than on that memorable March 7th, 1850, when that sentiment, like Aaron's rod, in swallowing up all rival sentiments, demonstrated its undoubted superiority. He loved his country better than any party; he loved the *Union* better than he loved Massachusetts; he regarded the well-being of an entire nation more than the prejudices of the pseudo-philanthropist: he valued *justice* more than he valued *free-soil:* and for this it was, that Theodore Parker and the masters "that *do* tare him on," would have been glad, on that 7th day of March, 1850, and on the floor of the Senate of these United States, to have concentrated all their forces in one fatal blow, and *stabbed him where he stood.*

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCLUSION.

"Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

We have considered the great ruling principle of Daniel Webster's soul. We have seen how, in an honest devotion to that very principle, his course might apparently vary to the common eye, that sees but the moon and the moon's orbit. We come now to consider why it was, that, in view of this principle, he came at one time almost to be an abolitionist, and then finally, when free to act, on the 7th of March repudiated the incendiary creed of the men of one idea.

Daniel Webster had so large a head that many thought him wanting in capacity of heart; but we have seen, that so far from being destitute of heart, when once his feelings were enlisted they carried his judgment with them, insomuch that he gave away when appealed to by the poor, and needy, and suffering, with lavish prodigality. His very presence indicated the boundless generosity of his character. His openness of hand, where his sympathies were aroused, long since passed into a proverb. The schoolboys told each other tales of his unthinking liberality. He should have had the revenues of a monarch, that his hand might have remained continually open. From this tender sympathy of his with suffering, this boundless generosity, came that seeming inconsistency upon the slavery question which Theodore Parker is continually heralding abroad with his penny trumpet.

This is the true statement; the tears of some few afflicted and suffering black men, fell upon his great beat-

ing heart, and rose from them in vaporous exhalations to obscure his mental sight, and be the means of a prismatic resolution of the pure simple light of truth into a halo of false philanthropy, that formed a *seeming* bow of promise to three millions of *apparent* unfortunates. Thus the clear head of Daniel Webster was beclouded by means of his warm heart.

But even out of the foul mouth of the shameless calumniator shall Daniel Webster be vindicated. We quote from the Discourse, page 79. "He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes."

Again we quote from the Discourse on the 80th page. "Of the affections he was well provided by nature, though they were little cultivated,—attachable to a few who knew and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king."

Again, "In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs, and also slept." A beautiful picture.

"All along the shore men loved him: men in Boston loved him to the last. Washington held loving hearts that worshipped him."

The point to be established is this, he was easily carried away by his sympathies and friendships. This point being made plain, the next thing is to show what bearing those traits had on his course in relation to slavery.

The anti-slavery sentiment had begun to manifest itself in New England as long ago as 1819, when the Missouri compromise was in agitation. Mr. Webster was then comparatively young; he had devoted his mind to his profession, not having at that time been so much of a

politician as a lawyer; his opinions of course had not been fully formed. We have seen how accessible he must have been to all the influences of times, places, occasions, friends, public sentiment, etc. Massachusetts, always a little inclined to the pharisaic idea that she was a "little holier than" her sister States, having abolished slavery in her own territory, from motives however, that were not those of entire unmingled philanthropy, now looking at the subject no longer in the concrete but in the abstract, began to think and to say in substance, "how very unjust it is to hold men in bondage." The sentiment, as a sentiment merely — not subjected to the test of impartial reason in a general view of all the circumstances of the case, in the course of time became chronic — constitutional as it were, and Daniel Webster, sympathizing with the people whom he loved, and who loved him, inhaled the sentiment unconsciously, without any direct, particular, and systematic investigation.

It is worthy of remark, however, that Daniel Webster *always followed — never led* in this anti-slavery sentiment, and what of action it gave rise to.

Years rolled on — the chronic sentiment began to take an acute form — it broke out as an epidemic, with eruptive tendencies — it raged through city and country — a great many people "had it." In some it began to assume a malignant type, accompanied by a virulent "breaking out" about the lips, that was very troublesome and annoying to the friends of the patients. In such cases it was thought, however, that it was not very deep-seated — that in fact it was really only "skin deep." It is needless to say that Daniel Webster never had it in this form, either naturally, malariously, epidemically, or contagiously.

Years went on. In its malignant form it had come to be considered a sort of leprosy of the mind, foul and incurable;

and its victims, glorying in it as the Alpine Swiss in the monstrous *goitre*, were very generally shunned as loathsome by the great majority who were free from it; but all the while it was working secretly in the blood of multitudes, tainting even that of Webster, and affecting his moral and mental perceptions finally to such a degree that he could see no "powder-post" planks in the Buffalo Platform. But to drop this metaphor before it begins to "blossom" out, all this does not presuppose any deliberate and settled intention on the part of Massachusetts men, and Daniel Webster with them, to act unjustly by the southern portion of the Federal Union. It was a sentiment — no more. Sometimes it broke out on "the body politic" in the form of legislative resolutions, which, however, we very much doubt were fully subscribed to by the people. On the whole, it was increasing in power and prevalence. Finally, a thing was done by the legislature of questionable prudence, and unfortunate results. They sent a talented, noble-hearted, venerable man, one of whom the Commonwealth was proud, on an imprudent errand to Charleston, South Carolina, where he and his lovely and accomplished daughter, were shamefully treated. It is of no use to try to disguise this matter. It was impertinence on one side, and ungentlemanliness on the other; qualities neither of them natural to either of those States when in their normal condition. This came near producing a crisis, but on the whole the result was good. Men began to look and see how far it was necessary and proper to intermeddle with each other, and the great majority of our people began to take a more common sense view of the matter. But still the *grand issues* had never been fully and fairly investigated.

Thus then stood the case; Massachusetts, and, influenced by her, Daniel Webster, had for a long time been thinking that slavery must perforce be an unqualified

wrong, an absolute sin, an indubitable wickedness, because a great many said so, and some few railed outright, and they did not even so much as give the subject the common courtesy of an investigation, any more than Theodore Parker and political philosophers of his moral kidney and mental calibre would do it now, to-morrow, or next week, if we should modestly request it of them.

Thus stood matters previous to the session of Congress of 1849–50. That was a stormy winter—a memorable winter. It is in vain to deny that it was a *dangerous* winter. The ship of the Union felt the storm in every creaking timber. "Men's hearts" everywhere began "to fail them for fear." Vainly does Theodore Parker quote the price of stocks to show that there was no danger. It is no criterion in this matter. No one pretended that the danger was immediate, imminent, momentarily pressing. The ship was in a storm, but it was a stout, staunch fabric, bound together with mighty bands. It was able to bear the blast and breast the billows, and even if the elements had been destined to overcome it, they could not have done it on the high seas; they must have driven it full many a league upon the far lee-shore, before it would strike the rocks and go to pieces. This was well known by the board of brokers in Wall street. Think you they were such fools as to sacrifice their present interest to a future danger, however formidable? They knew they should have warning before the mutinous crew had let the vessel get too near the rocks for salvation to be possible. This whole stock argument of Theodore Parker's is all moonshine. It is of a piece with various other shallownesses of the Discourse. The fact is, he has so long been living in one spot, revolving one set of ideas, feeding out speckled and black beans to a docile flock, that he knows no better than to think that

Massachusetts is the Union, that Boston is Massachusetts, that "The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society" is Boston, and, to bring the matter to its essence, Theodore Parker is the Twenty-Eighth Congressional Society, and consequently,— reasoning back again,—he himself is the whole United States of North America; and as *he* felt no fear of what indeed he would be glad to bring about, he said, and, in his blind egotism, doubtless felt, that there was no danger to the Union during the winter referred to above.

But there *was* danger — very great danger — and if this oysterlike egotist would go out of his shell of self-conceit — if he would venture abroad, as other men do, and air his opinions south of "Mason and Dixon's line," he would return to Boston a wiser, and perhaps a better man. We advise him to go.

There *was danger*. The man who denies it knows nothing of human nature — nothing of the feelings of southern men on this subject. They differ from northern men from the nature of their blood and education. They can less easily brook injustice. They *know* they are not the vile, selfish villains, thieves, robbers, murderers, that Parker would needs have them to be. They know that they are as truly virtuous, in all the relations of life in which Providence has cast their lot, as any similar number of people under the sun; and they know that northern abolitionism of the Parker stripe is only a *phenomenal form of intensified selfishness*, and they *were*, and *are* determined to bear no more tom-foolery. Go there, Mr. Parker, by all manner of means. It will do you good; for you know no more at present about this Union, and the vast problem of its destiny under God's Providence, than the worm in the timber of the ship does of navigation. You are here in Boston, boring like that worm to destroy the timber, and sink the ship. You come under the category

of vermin. So far from being useful, you are pernicious. Your efforts are destructive.

It was truly fortunate for America that Daniel Webster lived long enough to put the great question before the country in its true light. Good men and true, who could not see, by reason of prejudice, now know that this matter has been made plain, and it is a great relief to the heart of an honest man to be stayed on clear and immutable truth.

But we will own that it *was* unfortunate — it *is* unfortunate for the people of the South that they did not honor themselves by putting the Defender of the Constitution in the presidential chair. They ought to have done it. That one crowning act would have bound this great Union together forever. It would have elevated them, and the whole of us, in the eyes of each other, and in the eyes of the world. As it is, both they and we must be content to bear the fiendlike sneers of this "*minister*" in relation to that subject as best we can. They are all that bear the show of justice in the whole Discourse; and, although they reveal the devil-like disposition of their author, we feel constrained to let them alone — they are severe, but they are just — the world sees it, posterity will affirm it, the South must feel it. We shall not undertake to dispute it.

But to proceed with the subject. There was danger — actual danger — serious danger — increasing danger to the Union of these States in the crisis of 1850. All saw that this crisis was in the hands of *one man*. All parties saw it — all parties acknowledged it. Efforts were made, efforts as strenuous as the case was weighty, to enlist the one great name and fame and giant reason on the side of one, and on the side of the other. Then came the mighty struggle in the heart of Daniel Webster. He hesitated — he wavered. Momentous interests were at

stake. The fate of millions and millions of "millions yet to be" hung on the turning of his hand. "Long time in even scale the battle hung." This way and that way swayed the mighty magnet, now for the first time free from local causes of disturbance, which had drawn it down and to one side so long; and where did it settle at last? Towards what quarter of the heavens did it stand directed? Not to *this* quarter nor to *that* quarter — neither east nor west, north nor south. It rose *above* the common horizontal. It stood still; and when men gazed up into the sky, sighting its elevated range, they saw that, true to its original attraction, it had sought and found no *single* star, but the GRAND CONSTELLATION OF THE UNION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, thenceforth to know no sign of wavering!

It stood there on the 7th day of March, 1850 — as it stood there on Bunker Hill, and on Plymouth Rock, and in Faneuil Hall, and thenceforward it never swerved from its high truth, until a mighty electric thrill of pain darted along the nation's nerves and told that Webster was no more!

The decision was made. The giant burst the thousand Lilliputian ties that had bound him so exclusively to northern ground. He rose with the severed threads still hanging thickly about him, and regardless alike of "the Little-endians" and "Big-endians," he went on his mighty way.

Having made up his mind, Mr. Webster was not one to hesitate, or falter, or relent from his high resolve. He went to his work with a settled purpose, a noble energy, a firm reliance upon the ground he stood on. Like some huge giant, then he rose, looked about him, and took the lay and bearings of the land. Before him in the distance rose an eminence on which even the common eye could see things as he saw them. With stalwart arm, and tren-

chant axe, dealing terrific blows, he hewed his mighty way through the obstructing forest of opinions, breaking down with the axe-head the crags of opposition, felling difficulties, uprooting prejudices, building a causeway along the quaking bogs of fear, and bridging over the deep "sloughs of despond," turning aside the torrent of abuse to make its bed a pathway, until at last, with laboring breath, and beaded brow, but a triumphant smile, he stood upon the summit, beckoning up the Nation!

For a time men wavered, but as the bolder few went up, and shouted to their fellows, soon the multitude began to move, and pour, and throng along the path, and struggle to the summit; and the giant wiped away the great sweat of labor from his brow, shouldered his axe, and went home to his house and family by the seaside to refresh himself.

But where was Theodore Parker all this time? He? where was he? Why he was using some of the brush, which the giant had cut down, to keep his abolition-pot boiling, and, while he kept his face in the steam that rose from it, he kept wiping his colored spectacles, and wondering that they should be so foolish as to try to ascend that hill; for his part he could not see any pathway; and, when people came and urged the matter on him, he grew angry, and flung the hot scum of the pot in their faces.

It will not be pretended that Daniel Webster was not influenced by southern men in this matter. Undoubtedly he was, and it is not at all to his discredit. He had been too completely under the influence of the North, and it was needful that the equilibrium be restored, or rather that one be created. How could he see this great question in its true light, in all its bearings, while sectional sentiment was drawing him aside? It would have been almost a moral impossibility for Daniel Webster to have seen that matter clearly if southern men had not thronged

and crowded around him, and imbued him to some small extent with their own feelings. No doubt he thought of the presidency, and pray tell us why should he not? That he was ambitious is *true;* his whole course shows it; but we have yet to learn that his ambition led him to dishonor. That his career should end in the presidential chair was as natural as that the cap-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill should be upon the top, and not stop half way down. It rests there because it belongs there. Daniel Webster just as truly belonged in the supreme executive chair of these United States; and a universal acclamation would have proclaimed the approbation of a *world*, if we had done a thing so manifestly just, and wise, and prudent, and appropriate as to have placed him there. Posterity will miss him from the list of presidents, and wonder at the strange anomaly. History, that has already embodied his reply to Hayne, will carry this anomaly down to remotest times, and the wonder will increase with the increasing ages at our neglect to do a thing so natural, and sequential, and our posterity will half reproach our memory for robbing them of the honor of referring, proudly, to the era, when Webster, having allayed an angry quarrel, presided over the united and reconciled nation.

Webster knew all this. He saw that this consummation was wanting to the historic fulness of his career — that not to place him in the presidential chair would be in some sort to libel him to posterity.

But his soul was not contaminated by this feeling as a temptation from the paths of honor. Why, the very speech of the seventh of March itself is a most palpable contradiction of such an accusation. Who dares attack the *reasoning* of that speech? Does Theodore Parker? We beg pardon for mentioning his name so often — it seemed to be necessary. There is the speech; are its

positions overthrown by any one? Did they not carry conviction? Is not truth truth, and are they not still all open to assault? He himself says in this Discourse, "I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out the path of duty, convinced the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union."

Verily, "*Magnus est veritas, et prevalebit.*"

Let those who attack Daniel Webster's honesty do it over the ruins of that argument or not at all. It stands between his reputation and his enemies. Let them come on, "and damned be he that first cries hold, enough!"

Thus, finally, not to enter into the particulars of the facts, for this review has to do specially with the philosophy, rather than the mere statistics, of the subject; thus, finally, the investigation was, by concurrent circumstances, and a threatened crisis, actually *forced* upon unwilling minds, and thus it was that Daniel Webster, foremost now, *leading*, not following, as was his proper place in this case where *reason*, not *feeling*, was to rule the hour, now, for the first time, set seriously about a calm, dispassionate, comprehensive, deep-searching, thorough-going, investigation.

This investigation resulted according to immutable principles in the adoption, not from mere impression, but entire conviction of the views embodied in the speech of March 7th, 1850, in which, in view of all the circumstances, all the consequences for time and for eternity, to this nation, to the African himself, to the great family of

mankind, he advocated and made plain, the duty of Americans to pass and carry out the fugitive slave law, and the accompanying measures. Look at this matter calmly, ye men of Massachusetts, you who are wont to be considered by the world as "*calculating* Yankees;" was he, this man Daniel Webster, right or wrong, honest or dishonest—just and disinterested, or partial and mercenary in this matter? Parker says he made that speech *against his conscience for a consideration*, but was it against his *reason?* Tell us that. All along through this Discourse of one hundred and eight pages he labors to gain, first, your prejudices, next, your imagination, finally, your judgment. You who have *ever* at any former period loved and revered Daniel Webster, I appeal to *you*, by the memory of the past, by the justice of your own souls, by the judgment by which you would yourselves be judged, has this man whom you once regarded with all the personal affection that a son gives to his father, *has* he done the foul and nameless deed; nameless, but faintly shadowed forth in the horrid epithet of parricide—has *he* betrayed his country's honor and his own soul to eternal, damning shame? Bethink you, he is dead; no more shall we behold that majestic form, or stand in that august presence. "He lies full low." Shall his grave be sacred to all that is great and worthy, or shall it be accursed? Shall it be green with the laurels of honor, or shall even the grass refuse to grow upon it, as the grave of a murderer? He loved us—no one doubts that—he entered Massachusetts ever with arms wide open. He came home to die upon her bosom. Say, ye who *have once* loved him, will ye help to desecrate his grave? Methinks I hear the solemn, fervent answer, rising in murmurs on the shore, mingled with the booming of the waves of the ocean, saying, never! Onward it travels west, and from the hills of Berkshire echoes *never!* All America takes

up the solemn cry, and answers *never! never!* and onward and still onward, down the still coming ages, peals the promise, never, never, never!

Theodore Parker "has done what he could," and the reviewer has done what *he* could. Would to God it had been more and better in so dear a cause. If the task is not well done, the will must be taken for the deed. If there is "any lack of needful severity," we are most heartily sorry for it. If the culprit has not been reached effectually, it was because the lash was not long enough, nor this right arm strong enough.

As for him to whose manes we dedicate this effort, we do not fear to trust his reputation to the current of your feelings and the tide of time.

He will not be forgotten. In person he was majestic. In intellect titanic. In action god-like. His voice was the song of the mountain torrent. The current of his eloquence a mighty river.

He has passed out of sight, but not out of mind. Never again will his simple presence rouse to a wild and irrepressible enthusiasm the gazing throng; but they will not, they cannot forget him. In future years he will be descanted on in history. In the lapse of time he will "live in song and story." Nay, more,

> Even in the ages when the world is old,
> Awestruck posterity shall still behold
> The footprints of his earthly march sublime,
> Gigantic on the ancient shores of time;
> And, measuring each vestige, deep and vast,
> Review, amazed, the dim receding past,
> And cry, as back they strain their wondering gaze,
> "Lo, brothers, there were giants in those days!"

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